Northern Messenger

VOLUME XXXVIII. No. 11 MONTREAL, MARCH 13, 1903. 30 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid

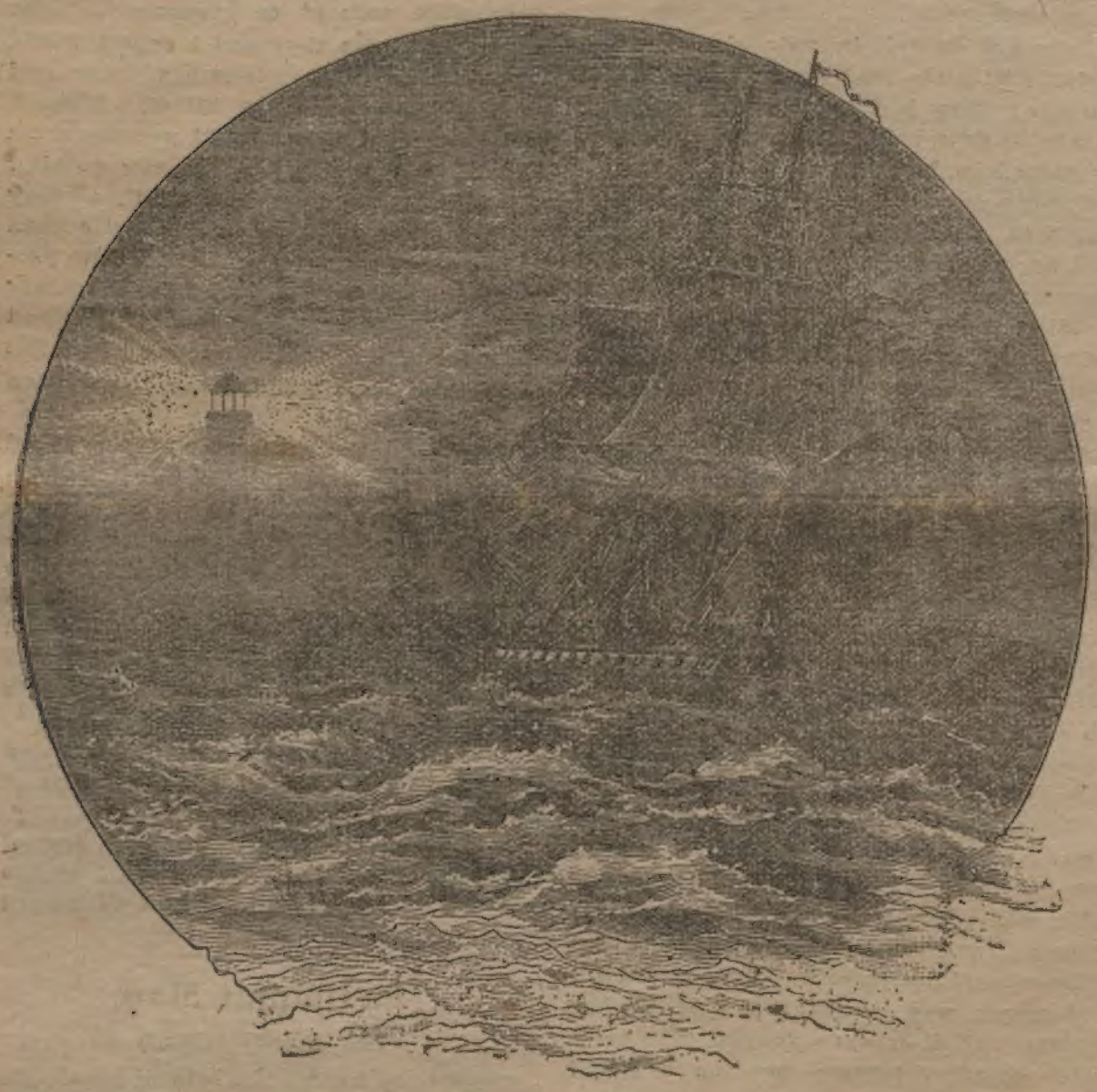
No Pilot!

(T. E. T., in 'Light in the Home.')

Out on the lonely sea
A bark is gaily gliding;
With heart so light and free,
The skipper his helm is guiding.

A Pilet hove in sight,
No Pilot wanted he:
He knew which way was right;
He knew about the sea.

The Pilot, therefore, must
Go search for other men,
Who less to self would trust,
And put their trust in Him.



The gliding of the bark
Was not so gay just now;
For, sailing in the dark,
She knew not where to go.

How often man will tread
Dark path of life's rough seal
Without a Pilot at his head,
One fears his end to see.

Oh, skipper, why tread the darksome way,
And risk the lives you hold!
Why should you take the Pilot's pay,
And sell those lives for gold?

The crew at his command,
As a crew should always be,
Were looking for the land;
But there was no land to see.

The crew, so light and gay,
At thoughts of the welcome cheer
Of friends who for them pray,
Were changed to anxious fear.

For the night was coming on,
And dangers thick around;
The man they wanted—gone!
No Pilot to be found.

A fog came o'er the sea,
Confused were all of them.
The cry: 'Where can we be?'
The skipper was to blame.

He heard the fog bell's gong,
And muttered, 'I must be mad!
Too late! I see I am wrong—
The Pilot I should have had.'

Man's life must have it's night
And in the fog may be;
With a Pilot you are right,
From danger you are free.

The order came, 'Ho! heave the lead!'
It was done once, and that was all;
Against a rock she struck her head,
Like going against a wall.

They heard an awful sound,
A grating of the keel;
They saw the rocks around,
Then came the bell's sad peal.

The boat was seized by men,
Who took their own command:
Now, who could blame them, when
They had no guiding hand?

The crew they left the wreck,
The skipper, where was he?
Not below, nor yet on deck,
But beneath the angry sea.

The sailors rowed their best,
And safe arrived on land;
Now with them leave the rest,
And think of the one lost hand.

Why should man become a wreck,
When he is in his prime?
No Pilot on the deck
To hear the fog bell's chime.

The skipper is not alone
In this world's wondrous sea;
Thousands will lose the home
Offered to all of ye.

So, men they pass away,
Careless about their fate;
The Pilot they would pay
When it's too late! too late!

The 'Jesus-Preacher.'

(Mary H. Grosvenor, in 'New York Observer.')

When Florence was a very little girl, and was first taken to church, she could not understand much that went on about her; she was pleased and interested in the singing, but when the sermon commenced she would lean her curly head against her father's shoulder, and soon the blue eyes would close and she would be fast asleep.

But as she grew older she found herself able to take some part, for when there was a familiar hymn her sweet voice would ring out joyfully, and, although generally either a line in advance or behind the choir, would struggle nobly with the long words, and come out straight at the end.

She soon observed that the grown people did not go to sleep during the sermon, at least they did not put their heads on their neighbors' shoulders, although she rather suspected one or two of nodding, so it became a point of honor with her to keep awake too.

The first Sunday after this discovery she edged away from her father's encircling arm, sitting very erect in the middle of the pew, the golden curls straying out from under the big hat and the toes of her shoes barely touching the cushion. Several people smiled at this little picture of independence, and her father thought it would not last long, but she maintained the position through the whole sermon, and although confiding to him afterwards that 'she had seen two ministers once or twice, and felt very buzzy in her head,' she could never afterwards be persuaded to indulge in a nap in church. But such a look of patient resignation would settle upon her face when the sermon began, such pathetic little sighs would creep out as it continued, and such an evident relief was shown at the end, that her mother feared Florence would form a habit of regarding the sermon as something dull and tiresome, which would be a bad thing to get over in after years.

After much thought she suggested to the little girl that she should listen for and count how many times she heard the name

of Jesus in the sermon, the Friend to whom Florence had been taken in baptism in her infancy, and whom she had been taught to love. This suggestion changed everything. Florence became alert and wakeful, listened intently, smiling at her mother whenever the name was spoken, and gradually learned there was something in the sermon that even a little girl could understand. Soon after this their minister was called to enter into the rest prepared for the people of God, and the church was soon full of excitement and anxiety over the selection of another one to fill his place. To all the sermons now preached Florence applied her test with varying success, announcing to her parents after church the different results.

One Sunday the pulpit was occupied by a clerygyman, not young, not handsome, with no remarkable grace of voice or gesture, but with an effect that was most remarkable. Mrs. Smith, in the front pew, felt, for once, that she was a sinner, not Mr. Brown in the next pew, or the poor people who sat in the gallery, and who annoyed her greatly by their coughing, and the loud, boisterous manner in which they joined in the hymns. Mrs. Brown, bowed down by the loss of a baby boy, her only child, felt her heart grow lighter as he told of the joys of that happy home, where her darling was waiting. Old Betty, the apple woman, who sat in the gallery, had much ado to keep from clapping her hands, when she heard of the glories prepared for all of God's children, rich and poor, alike; no more cold, no more hunger, no going out dreary mornings to the stall. She did murmur, 'Praise his name,' under her breath, and smiled at the poor consumptive girl who sat beside her. Near them sat a man with the crimson light from a memorial window falling upon him, disclosing the rags and dirt of his miserable clothes. But as the sermon proceeded, a new idea penetrated his clouded brain; a new sensation stirred his chilled heart. This world, then, was not all; in the other home there was a place for every one, even for him, if he would but believe on the Son of God. Tears coursed down his furrowed cheeks, and he resolved to see that minister after church; he must find out if all this was true; there was life or death for him in the answer.

After the blessing, the congregation quietly dispersed, there was less talking, less commenting upon clothes, less arranging for church meetings and work.

Florence walked along, holding her father's hand, not saying anything herself, only listening to a gentleman who had joined them.

'He certainly touched many tender spots; made me wince, I can tell you. Mrs. Smith would scarcely speak to me, because she thinks I incline to calling him. But I am afraid it would never do. The man has no presence, is lacking in manner, and too simple in his thought and language to meet the taste of our congregation. He will not have the ghost of a chance.'

Then he turned off, down another street, and Florence's father asked, with a smile, 'What did my little girl think of the sermon?'

'Oh, papa!' she answered eagerly, with bright eyes, and flushed cheeks, 'it was beautiful! All that part about heaven was lovely, and I know Mrs. Brown was thinking of little Walter. And, mamma, I could not count all the times he said Jesus, it was again, and again, and again. It was all Jesus. Mamma, don't you think he is the kind of man the Japanese call a Jesus-preacher?'

The next Sunday found Florence in her seat, full of expectation, and longing to hear once more the Jesus-preacher, for with a child's quick intuition, she had recognized a friend under the plain, homely exterior.

To her disappointment, he was not there. The pulpit was filled by another stranger, a tall, handsome man, with a charmingly regulated voice, and graceful gestures.

The sermon was brilliant, at times eloquent; but Florence's face was puzzled, and her eyes were fixed steadily, almost pityingly, upon the preacher.

Nor was it upon Florence alone that the change had fallen.

Mrs. Smith, indeed, smiled approvingly, and was relieved of the little feeling of anxiety which had pursued her through the week; but Mrs. Brown felt, with a shiver, that the atmosphere was colder, and her sorrow more crushing, while in the gallery the expressions of bewildered awe were deeper even than that upon the brow of Florence.

Poor old Betty! in vain she tried to grapple with the long words, and brilliant periods; they had quite the effect of a mental shower-bath, and at times she fairly gasped for breath.

Coming out, the same gentleman who had been with them before joined Florence and her parents, and again they discussed the sermon.

'What did you think of it?' the friend asked, with a lurking dissatisfaction in his voice, 'an eloquent effort, was it not?'

'Very,' responded Florence's father, shortly. 'Nothing to disturb sinners in that, eh?' 'Not in the least, nor to comfort the mourner, nor cheer the poor. I wonder what Betty Gray thought of it.'

'Poor old Betty, she must have been quite overwhelmed. Nevertheless, I am afraid they will call him. What do you think?' 'Let us ask Florence what she thinks. She has a rule by which she tries all sermons, let her apply it to this. Florence, my child, tell Mr. Harding what you thought of the sermon.'

'Oh, papa, I can't talk about it. I was listening, listening for the Name, and it was not in the sermon at all. If he comes what will a poor little girl like me do, for if he will not speak about Jesus, how can I listen,' and her voice was very sorrowful.

'Florence was taught this rule by her mother, and it is very simple. She is to listen in every sermon for the name of Jesus, counting how many times she hears it, and trying to understand, as much as possible, of what is said about him. Last week her approval was unqualified. It was all Jesus.'

'Mr. Harding,' Florence said, slipping her other hand into his, and looking up with pleading eagerness into his face, 'won't you ask them to take the Jesus-preacher, and not the other gentleman. We little children like to understand something, and Jesus is our friend. If they take his name out of the sermons there won't be anything left. Please ask them to take the other, won't you?'

'I will indeed, Florence,' the friend said, looking down in to her earnest eyes. 'I promise faithfully to do all that I can to get you the Jesus-preacher.'

And he kept that promise, telling the story of little Florence's measure, giving her appeal in her own touching words, and, in spite of some opposition, was successful.

So the vacant pulpit was filled at last, and to Florence's joy, it was filled by the 'Jesus-preacher.'

The Persecutor's Fate.

(H. L. Hastings.)

Dr. Eugenio Kincaid, the Burman missionary, states that, among the first converts in Ava, were two men who had held respectable offices about the palace. Some time after they had been baptized, a neighbor determined to report them to government, and drew up a paper setting forth that these two men had forsaken the customs and religion of their fathers, were worshipping the foreigner's God, and went every Sunday to the teacher's house; with other similar charges. He presented the paper to the neighbors of the two disciples, taking their names as witnesses, and saying that he should go and present the accusation on the next day.

The two Christians heard of it, and went to Mr. Kincaid in great alarm, to consult as to what they should do. They said if they were accused to government, the mildest sentence they could expect would be imprisonment for life at hard labor, and perhaps they would be killed. Kincaid told them that they could not flee from Ava, if they would; that he saw nothing he could do for them, and all that they could do was to trust in God. He then knelt with them, and besought God to protect them, and deliver them from the power of their enemies. They also prayed, and soon left Mr. Kincaid, saying they felt more calm, and could leave the matter with God.

That night the persecutor was attacked by a dreadful disease in the bowels, which so distressed him that he roared like a madman; and his friends, which is too often the case with the heathen, left him to suffer and die alone. The two Christians whom he would have ruined then went and took care of him till he died, two or three days after his attack. The whole affair was well-known in the neighborhood, and from that time not a dog dared move his tongue against the Christians of Ava.

Is there no evidence in this of a special providence, and that God listens to the prayers of his persecuted and distressed children?

The Helpful Man.

(The 'Presbyterian.')

Everybody knows the helpful man. He is ready in spirit and prompt in action. He recognizes the need, and tenders the kindly word and extends aid as the case may require. He is loved, respected and honored.

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BOYS AND GIRLS

Margot's Steps

(Isabel Stuart Robson,' in 'Christian World.')

The Hotel des Anglais stood on a little terrace overlooking the Mediterranean; down below the green waves broke upon sharp, jagged rocks, and for miles to right and left the sunny coast was fringed with dark, fragrant pines. It was a place little known to tourists, though those who, like Margot Carmichael, discovered it in its fairest aspect of sunny June, loved to linger and to come again and again.

It was not of the beauties of St. Reuna that Margot was thinking this morning, as she sat on the verandah of the hotel, looking out dreamily over the glittering waters. She had a letter in her hand, a letter which must be answered that day, though the answer meant the complete changing of all the conditions of her life.

There were many who envied Miss Carmichael the independence of her position and the comfortable circumstances of her life. Margot herself sometimes felt that this independence from home ties, this ability to go where she pleased and to do exactly as her fancy prompted, had its sting; at six-and-twenty it is hard to feel that one stands alone, not especially dear or necessary to anyone. For the first twenty years of her life it had been so different; she had been her father's constant companion, sharing all his pursuits, and, as time passed, becoming a capable assistant in his literary and scientific work. Then, quite unexpectedly, he had married again, and the whole aspect of the girl's life underwent a change.

Looking back, Margot could not blame herself that things had not gone well. She had been prepared to welcome her stepmother, and to love her warmly. Had Mrs. Carmichael been a wiser woman, the little household might have been a happy one. She was a pretty, delicate girl, scarcely a couple of years older than Margot, whose father had been an old college friend of Professor Carmichael's, and who, when dying, left her to his friend's care. Perhaps her fragile beauty appealed to her guardian; perhaps, in his indolent way, he felt that he most easily solved the difficulties of his undesired responsibility by marriage; whatever his motives for the step, the Professor one day brought his bride back to the old house in the dull riverside town, and Margot found herself deposed from her position of mistress of her old home.

From the first, the new Mrs. Carmichael was grievously jealous of her tall stepdaughter. She resented the Professor's dependence on her, and envied her intellectual powers and her ability to enter into subjects which were quite unintelligible to the young wife. It was not long before Margot come to see that her presence was a discordant note in the music of the house. When she was assured of this fact her pride took fire. She loved her father devotedly, and she felt it bitterly hard that he should be happier without her; yet there was no gainsaying the fact that he would be so. He loved a quiet life, and a quiet life was an impossibility whilst the two who were nearest and dearest to him shared one home. When Margot told him that she had made up her mind to go abroad and travel for a while, he made no demur, and Mrs. Carmichael was openly triumphant. 'Margot had three hundred a year of her own,' she reminded her husband, 'she would suffer no pecuniary anxieties, and she had always been so strong and self-reliant that she was well able to take care of herself.'

So Margot, with an old governess devoted to her and glad to obtain so pleasant a post, came to St. Reuna, and there they had stayed ever since. Twice a year the Professor came over and spent a week with his daughter, but Margot had never been invited to Frant. Now and then she wrote to her stepmother, for there had been no rupture between them, and, when her father went back, she would send presents to the two little sisters who came to take her place in the old house. It was a strange, quiet life the girl led, and it would have been a dull one if she had not continued her old studies and even made some small success by her own literary work. It was certainly not the life for the bright, handsome girl, Miss Brown often assured the cheerful, kindly landlady, though Miss Carmichael seemed content with it.

The morning's post had brought Margot a letter which was going to break up that content, for though she sat considering her answer, she knew well what it must be. Duty never called to Margot Carmichael without finding her ready to obey the call.

She got up presently and went indoors. Miss Brown was sitting at the window darning a rent in one of Margot's white gowns.

'My dear, I thought you had gone to the pines,' she said, looking up with a smile. 'It's too lovely a day for any but old bodies like me to be indoors. The spring is the sweet o' the year at St. Reuna's.'

Margot nodded. 'Just when you and I have to leave it, Brownie.'

Miss Brown laid down her work and her smile faded. She told herself that she had always known that Margot would tire of the quiet of St. Reuna's, which was so good to her after the bustle and turmoil of a long work-a-day life.

'You want a change, dear?' she asked.

Margot shrugged her shoulders. 'It is not a question of what I want, but of "needs be," Brownie,' she said, quickly. 'I had a letter from Frant this morning. Mrs. Carmichael has been ill and is completely broken down. Father seems to think she will never be more than an invalid. There isn't anyone to look after things, and, from what father says, misrule is the order of the day. He writes quite tragically, and is manifestly frightfully worried and uncomfortable.'

Miss Brown nodded. 'I see; you are asked to go and take the helm of the stranded vessel.'

Margot laughed, and shook her head. 'No, father doesn't even suggest such a course. He seems to take it for granted that it is a step no one in their senses could expect me to take. He simply writes to relieve his feelings, just as he always does.'

'You will go all the same,' nodded Miss Brown.

Margot laughed. 'I suppose I shall, and I want you to come too, Brownie. I simply could not tackle those children without you. You shall take them in hand and mother them as you once did me, to my lasting good.'

'Of course I will come and gladly,' replied the old governess, wiping her eyes. She saw through the kindly ruse which provided for her own future, and loved Margot the better for it. Margot always made it delightfully easy to accept favors from her.

'Is it necessary for you to go at once, my dear?' she asked, as, after a little further talk, Margot moved away to the writing table.

The girl flushed and looked at her old friend with a certain wistfulness. 'Yes, we must go at once,' she said, taking up her pen.

Miss Brown sighed, but she said no more. Margot knew what was in her mind. Six months ago a visitor had stayed at the little-known Hotel des Anglais, a doctor whose health had broken down and for whom the air of the pines and the sunshine of the south had been ordered. He had remained two months, and during that time the three English visitors had seen a good deal of each other, and Miss Brown confided certain hopes of her own for the two young people to the sympathetic landlady. Suddenly the doctor was called home; there was only time for a hurried word of farewell before the lumbering diligence carried him off to the nearest station. Only when he shook Margot's hand, he said, 'I shall come back. I wonder if I shall find you here?'

Margot answered the tone of his voice and the look in his eyes rather than the commonplace words. 'Yes, I shall be here,' she had said, 'I am not one of those who come and go.'

Ever since she knew she had been waiting for his return, waiting for the next chapter of what had promised to be the sweetest love-story. He would come back to find her gone. If only the friendship had been close enough to permit of her writing to him with an explanation of her absence, but such an explanation would have assumed too much. It was not the first time, she told herself, with smarting eyes, that two lives have drifted apart because the shores of friendship were not close enough for the throwing across of a bridge.

Her pen flew steadily over the paper; she must do 'the next thing' and leave results with One who had shaped her life and called her to take each separate step. Her courage rose with the thought that she could safely leave her future in God's hands.

A week later Margot and Miss Brown were established in the old house down by the Severn. After the peaceful, studious life of the Hotel des Anglais, it was like entering a new world to step into the bustle and turmoil of the Professor's noisy, ill-managed house. It seemed incredible to Miss Brown that so small a household could make so much confusion and noise. Even Margot's courage ebbed lamentably at the close of the first day, so hopeless seemed the task she had undertaken. It was not in her nature, however, to be daunted by obstacles. She boldly seized the helm of affairs, made the incompetent staff of servants feel that they must better their ways or leave her, and gradually chaos was reduced to order. It was

work which often left her weary and heart sick, yet she was glad that her round of duties left little time for thought. She dared not allow herself to dream of St. Reuna's and of the man who would go there expecting to find her and come away miserably misunderstanding.

Mrs. Carmichael, always indolent, had accepted the 'role' of invalidism without reservation. She only left her room to be carried to a couch in the parlor, from which she poured out a ceaseless stream of complaint and repining which sometimes drove Margot to the verge of distraction. Happily, the two little girls, pretty, delicate children, responded readily to Miss Brown's gentle advances, and the Professor seemed a new man since the arrival of his daughter.

'You musn't leave us again, Margot,' he said, one day. 'The house isn't the same place, and I'm sure poor Jessie is glad to have you. It was a mistake to let you go; we are vastly more comfortable with you and that good Miss Brown to keep things straight.'

Margot laughed, though the laugh ended in a sigh. 'I'll stay, dear, as long as you need me,' she said, gently.

As autumn slipped into winter, and winter gave place to spring, Margot found that the new life left less and less time for the pursuits and ambitions which had meant so much to her at St. Reuna's. The management of the big house, the constant demands which her stepmother made upon her, the work she did for her father, filled every moment. If she had hoped to win a name in the world of letters, that hope must be for the present put aside. She was called to make another of those renunciations which look so easy to others, yet are so hard to make, but are, after all, the steps by which we climb to higher planes of inward grace.

When March was drawing to its close an epidemic swept over the little Shropshire village, and among its first victims it claimed the Professor's two little girls. For days the watchers fought for the fragile little lives, scarcely daring to hope; even Mrs. Carmichael forgot her own invalidism in an upspringing of mother-love, which came as a surprise to those who had only known her as weak, indolent, and self-indulgent.

There came a day when the village doctor, who had nursed the children through their many childish ailments, said sadly that he could do no more; all that human skill could do had been done.

'I will send for Fax; if anyone can save my children he will,' Mrs. Carmichael said, passionately. 'He is in England again, thank God; he will come if I send for him.'

If there was one person on earth Jessie Carmichael loved more than herself it was the half-brother. He had been her hero in her girlhood, and he was her hero still. He had been abroad for years, and had only lately settled in a parish in the north of Scotland, so far north that the Professor pointed out dismally to his wife that the case of the children would doubtless be settled before he could reach Frant.

'Let me have someone of my own kin with me in my trouble, even if it is only a half-brother,' Mrs. Carmichael replied, drearily. 'He will understand me. You and Margot have always been too clever.'

Margot looked at her with a sharp pang of self-reproach.

'He shall come, dear. I'll go and send a telegram at once,' she said warmly, as she stopped to kiss the worn little face.

But Mrs. Carmichael would let no one send the telegram but herself, and Margot watched her as she set out, battling against the rough spring wind, which swept along the riverside road. The girl reproached herself, perhaps a little needlessly, for the estrangement which had kept her and her stepmother apart so long. Perhaps if she had tried to understand the limited nature of her frivolous young stepmother, she thought there might have been points of union as well as of discord.

'I didn't give her credit for caring for anyone but herself, or for feeling lonely and "out of it" amongst us,' Margot said, regretfully. 'How easy it is to misjudge others and to lay the blame where it does not really belong.'

Next day, when Mrs. Carmichael's brother arrived, Margaret was in the sick-room. She heard the sound of wheels on the gravel, and her stepmother's high, shrill voice in tones of affectionate welcome. Margot herself expected few good results from his coming. It was not likely he would succeed where Dr. Lamb, who understood the constitutions of the little patients, owned himself beaten. She was, indeed, so slightly interested in the stranger that she had not inquired his name, and even felt inclined to resent the presence of a stranger in the house at such a time. Yet if his coming was a relief to her stepmother she was wrong to indulge such a thought; she remembered how often, in the first days of her life at the Hotel des Anglais, she had longed for one of her own kith and kin, and shed bitter tears at the thought that she and they were miles apart.

Presently the door opened and the two came in—Mrs. Carmichael and her half-brother. Margot rose noiselessly to greet them, and then stopped and stared with beating heart and rising color. Who could have guessed that the 'Fax' of whom Mrs. Carmichael had spoken so warmly in rare moments of confidence was Allister Fairfax, her own friend of the previous summer? Ah! she had done well to trust her future in the hands of Providence, she told herself, and she held out her hand and smiled into the eyes which looked into hers with surprise and pleasure.

The course of events, after all, justified Mrs. Carmichael's confidence in Dr. Fairfax, though he and Dr. Lamb declared that nature and good nursing were to be thanked for the fact that the little girls crept slowly back to life. When the warm days of early summer came they were well enough to be taken into the sunshiny, old-fashioned garden, and now and then 'Uncle Fax' and Margot would carry them up the steep ascent to the Edge and let them breathe the cool, clear air which swept across the valley from the Welsh hills. Sometimes Mrs. Carmichael would join in these expeditions, for, somehow, in the stress of anxiety for her children the skackles of invalidism had fallen away, and she seemed in no hurry to fasten them on again. Though still fragile and easily wearied, she seemed resolved to take her old place again in the home, though with a new gentleness and consideration for those about her.

For the most part, therefore, Allister Fairfax and Margot went alone with the children, and whilst Una and Lucie played together the love story begun at St. Reuna's was continued to its happy ending.

There came a day when Dr. Fairfax put the question which had trembled on his lipe when they parted at the Hotel des Anglais.

'I have not wealth to offer you, Margot, I've chosen a road which doesn't lead to great fortune,' he said, gravely. 'I made up my mind long ago to give what skill I have to the poor and suffering, and I felt that I had found my place when I happened on a poverty-stricken town in the north where medical skill was wanted and the poor folks suffered terribly. Think before you answer, Margot, it is no "soft life" I am offering you. There will be love, the deepest, truest love of my heart, but scant promise of this world's goods.'

Margot looked up with misty eyes. 'I don't want a soft life,' she said, with sweet frankness, 'and as for this world's goods, I've enough for us both. I don't want time to think, Allister, for I have needed love so much in my lonely life. Love me always, dear, and our life together shall make the world a better place for those who are less blessed.'

Queen Victoria's Favorite Text.

Lord Ronald Gower was honored with the friendship of Queen Victoria, and his reminiscences, just published by Mr. Murray, contain this record of the late Queen: 'I sent to the Marquis of Lorne a little pocket Bible that I had had some time, and asked him to beg the Queen to write in it her favorite text. (I knew the Queen's favorite hymn was "Lead, kindly light," and was curious to know what her favorite text or chapter might be.) In a short time I got the little book back, with a letter from Lorne, dated Osborne, August 2; in it he writes: "I asked the Queen before church to put something in your book, and she said what she liked best was the text about 'Charity' or 'Love'; this was just as we were walking towards the church. The Bishop of Ripon (Boyd Carpenter) preached, and, lo and behold, the text was exactly that of which the Queen had just spoken. The coincidence was very odd, and she was much struck by it." So that the Queen's writing on the fly-leaf of this little Bible must have been written on the afternoon of August 2, my birthday. "Love suffereth long and is kind," "Love faileth not." "V.R.I., 1891," and above these words: "1 Corinthians xiii., 4 and 8." The Queen's substitution of "Love" for "Charity" is a decidedly better rendering of the Greek word translated "charity."'

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Jamie

(Alan St. Aubyn, in 'Ainslee's Magazine.')

'The postman is late, Martha.'

'No later than most days, mother.'

'Seems to me he's a good bit later,' the old woman said, querulously; she had been watching for the postman to pass the window of the cottage for the last half hour. 'you don't think he's a-passed?'

Her face was turned expectantly as she asked the question, and there was a quavering note in her voice.

'Passed? Not a bit of it! You're always thinking he's late mail days. You take a sup o' tea, an' try a bite o' cake while it's hot, an' he'll be here in no time.'

The old woman meekly obeyed, but she had no appetite for her breakfast; she stopped with the cup half way to her lips, and listened for the click of the latch, and the postman's step on the gravel.

The village postman did not come every day to Lane End. Widow Blake's cottage was at the corner of the lane—it was the last house in the village; there were only widely scattered farmhouses beyond, and if there were no letters for any of these he did not pass the house.

Once a month there was a letter—a foreign letter—that took him to Lane End. Widow Blake had a son abroad. Jamie Blake had been away in Australia five years, and during all that time he had never failed to send that monthly letter. His father had died while he was away, and his mother and sister had been left almost destitute. Martha went about from house to house, in the village, doing tailor-work and plain sewing; but her hands were so crippled with rheumatism that it would have fared badly with them but for the small remittance that Jamie never failed to send in that monthly letter. He failed to-day for the first time.

'He is not coming to-day, Martha,' the old woman said, pushing her cup aside and folding her thin, shrivelled hands in her lap. There was a quavering note in her voice, and something in the way she pressed her hands in her lap that smote on the heart of the younger woman.

'There's no time gone, mother,' she said, as cheerfully as she could, though her hands shook as she put away the cups and saucers, and her knees felt weak.

There was a click of the latch outside as she spoke, but there was no footstep on the gravel.

'Martha!' the old woman called sharply, but Martha was already at the gate. The postman had not come up to the door as usual; there was no reason for his coming up for there was no letter. He had stopped at the gate from habit, and touched the latch, and when Martha came out he was turning away.

'No letter?' she said, or rather gasped.

'No letter to-day,' he answered; then, seeing the stricken look on the girl's face, he added, hopefully, 'Very likely it'll come to-morrow; there's been thick weather in the Channel, an', like as not, the mail isn't in.'

It was a ray of hope, but deep down in her heart Martha felt a conviction that the letter would not come to-morrow. She had looked forward to this day ever since the remittances had begun to come. She knew there would be a day when they would cease.

'The mails are not in,' she said, bluntly, when she went back into the room where the mother was waiting. 'There has been thick weather in the Channel, and the boats could not get in.'

The old woman did not answer for a minute; she sat with her hands folded, looking into the fire. 'Thick weather in the Channel,' she muttered, 'I knew it wasn't Jamie's fault; he'd never forget his old mother.'

She sat patiently waiting all through the wet, windy March day, listening sometimes to the wind blowing over the moor, or with her dim eyes watching the clouds sailing past the window pane. But she did not say anything more about the letter. Behind the house rose a bleak Yorkshire moor, and in wild weather the wind came tearing across the fells, and down the combe to the green level country beyond. Those who lived on the plain did not know what the wind was on the hills.

The sun set in a stormy sky. In a bank of purple clouds on the horizon there was a rift of sickly greenish light, and when the sun had sunk behind the moor the greenish light was still in the sky.

Widow Blake watched the rosy sunset hues fade, and the green light widen in the west, as she sat beside the window pane. She had had her chair moved from the hearth to the window. She wanted to look out into the bit of garden beneath. There were some yellow daffodils blowing in it already, and some gillyflowers, and the blue periwinkles at the gate were coming into bloom.

Jamie was fond of the periwinkles. She always sent him some of the little blue flowers in her letters, if they were in bloom; he said it reminded him of his dear home.

'It'll be thick weather in the Channel,' she murmured to herself, as she turned away from the periwinkles at the gate and looked up on the stormy sky. The postman's words had been running in her head all day.

* * * * * * *

If it had been thick weather out at sea the day before, it was thicker and wilder that night. It was a night to be remembered off the coast of Yorkshire. It began to blow when the sun went down, and it blew with steadily increasing force all through the night. At dawn, when the pale face of the new day looked in through the windows of the cottage on the moor, it was blowing a gale out at sea.

A ship laboring to come up the Channel, weathering a dangerous point on a rocky coast, was driven perilously near the shore. The gale had torn away the masts and the rigging, the engines were disabled, and the vessel was lying at the mercy of the waves. It had been a terrible night for all on board, and the dawn had been eagerly watched for. When it came, the hearts of the stoutest sank. The awful iron-bound coast lay before them, and the ship was driving helplessly before the wind.

A cry went up as the waves struck her broadside, and swept over the deck and a strong man, who had been watching eagerly all the night for the dreary dawn, sank on his knees with an exceedingly bitter cry. 'Oh, mither! mither!' He was lashed to a stump of a mast that had been broken off short, or he would have been swept off with the wave that carried everything before it—men and spars, planks and bulwarks—and hurled them into the boiling surge below.

It was so hard to die in sight of land. He had been looking forward for years to that hour, to the first glad sight of his native shore. The thought of it had nerved his arm as he wielded the pickaxe delving for gold in the mines of Australia.

He had not delved in vain. Luck had been with him. He was coming home with twenty thousand pounds. He had kept his good fortune a secret; he had never breathed a word of it to his people at home, his old father and mother, who were poor laboring folk on a Yorkshire moor. He had kept it for surprise. His father had died without knowing of his son's success. He had sent a small remittance to his mother every month since, but he had not told her of his great wealth. He was going to surprise her, to gladden her heart with it, when he got back. He did not want to miss any of the joy of that glad surprise. All through the voyage he was making plans for the future. There would be no more tailoring for poor Martha, no more hard fare for his mother; he was going to buy a house when he got back, he knew exactly the spot he was going to buy—it was not a mile away from his own cottage door—and he was going to settle down in it with his mother and sister. Perhaps, later on, he might marry, and there might be little children playing on the green before the door.

He was running races with the little children — the dream-children that might have been—when the storm awoke him, and he tumbled out of his berth and went on deck. The thought of these homely joys was in his mind through all that terrible night. He saw the faces of his dear ones in the gray twilight of the dawn, and he heard the voices of the children—the children that would never be—in the cry of the gale. It was the last bitter drop in his cup.

If the ship went down his wealth would go down with him. No one knew of it. The secret he had hugged so closely would die with him. His mother would think he had forgotten her. She would never know the surprise he had planned for her. When his little monthly remittance ceased, she would go to the poorhouse, and the wealth he had toiled so hard for would be lost forever. For all the joy and gladness he had counted upon, would be a nameless burial in the cruel, hungry sea.

He was thinking of this when the ship struck. A shiver went through the creaking timbers, and a cry arose that she was parting amidships.

As the ship rolled and beat on the awful reef, and the waves swept over it, the cries of the little children were in his ears, and the white, wan face of his old mother rose before him, and he sank on his knees with that exceeding bitter cry, 'Oh, mither! mither!'

* * * * * * *

Widow Blake, in her far-off cottage, had not been able to sleep for the storm. With the wind rattling the doors and windows, and roaring in the chimneys, and the rotten old timbers of the cottage creaking as it rocked in the gale, she had not much chance of sleeping. When it blew harder than usual, and sweeping gusts of rain came tearing down the

combe, Martha heard her muttering to herself the words that had been in her mind all day: 'It'll be thick weather in the Channel.'

She must have dropped asleep toward morning, for when the day broke, she sat up in bed with a white, stricken face, and trembling all over.

'Hist! hist! D'ye hear it?' she cried, shaking Martha, who slept by her side.

'Hear what?' Martha said, sleepily.

'My boy a-calling. Get up an' open the door.'

Martha got up, unwillingly, and opened the outer door. There was no one there; only the wind came tearing in and blew out the candle she held in her hand.

'There's no one there, mother. You must have been dreaming. Lie down and go to sleep. How should Jamie be there?'

'He was there just now,' said the old woman. 'I heard him calling, "Mither, mither," as plain as I ever hear him in my life. Do you think I don't know my own son's voice?'

She was not to be persuaded that she had not heard Jamie calling. She lay back, faint and exhausted with every nerve strained to catch again the sound of that far-off voice. She must have dozed off while she was listening, for she aroused Martha again presently.

'Get up! get up!' she cried, in great agitation. 'Something has happened to Jamie. I have been struggling with him in the deep waters, and he called upon me to save him, "Mither! Mither!" '

'You have been dreaming, mother,' Martha said, with a white face.

'It's no dream,' the old woman said, solemnly, 'Jamie's in trouble. I've a-seen him, an' heard his voice. Get me my book, Martha, and my glasses; maybe the Lord'll hear my prayer. There's no way else I can help him.'

Martha tremblingly obeyed her mother's behest, and brought the big Prayer Book and the glasses, and the old woman sat up in bed, and read aloud the beautiful prayers for those in peril on the sea, while Martha, kneeling by the bedside, uttered the responses.

When the morning came, and people were astir in the village, the neighbors came in with dreadful accounts of fallen chimneys and roofs carried away, of ricks scattered about the fields, and trees uprooted and lying across the roads.

It was no wonder the postman was late; it was a wonder the mails had arrived at all. He paused at the garden gate to speak to Martha. She had opened the door and stolen out when she saw him coming. He shook his head; there was no letter. He accounted for it good-naturedly, as he had accounted for it the day before.

'Thick weather in the Channel,' he said. 'A sight o' wrecks on the coast; there'll be a lot o' mails lost, I reckon.'

There was no letter the next day, nor the next. Martha had given up expecting one. In her heart she had not believed it from the first. Her mother had ceased to inquire for letters after that first morning. She sat in her seat by the hearth, with her hands crossed on her lap, and a patient, waiting look on her wrinkled face.

On the third day at even, when the sun was setting over the moor, the latch of the garden gate was softly lifted, and there was a step outside on the gravel. The old woman, dozing by the fire, heard the step, and lifted her drooping head. She would have risen from her seat, but her trembling limbs refused to obey her. There was a reason for her agitation; a man had lifted the latch and come in. It was Jamie.

'Mither!'

It was the old cry; but she did not answer it as of old. She sat white and still, clutching the arms of her chair. She thought it was a spirit.

'It's no sperrit, mither,' he said, with a catch in his voice, 'it's me, Jamie. I've bin nigh a-drownded, but the Lord has brought me safely back. I guess you've bin a praying for me, mither.'

When Martha, hearing voices in the room below, came downstairs, Jamie was kneeling by his mother's chair, and her arms were about him, and the tears were running down her withered cheeks.

'Jamie has come back,' she cried, in her quavering treble. 'The Lord be praised! Jamie has come back!'

This was the meeting he had looked forward to; the joy he had so nearly missed. In the presence of the solemn realities of life, of love and death, he had forgotten all about that twenty thousand pounds. It was quite a secondary matter, after all. If he had met with failure instead of success, if he had come back a beggar, it would have made no difference in his welcome.

There are divine heights in the humblest hearts which no worldly success can affect; there is a simple homely treasure which is better than silver, and the gain of it, than fine gold.

The Quiet Life.

Happy the man whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air
In his own ground;

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
Whose flocks supply him with attire;
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
In winter fire.

Blest who can unconcern'dly find
Hours, days and years slide soft away
In health of body, peace of mind,
Quiet by day,

Sound sleep by night; study and ease
Together mixed, sweet recreation,
And innocence, which most doth please,
With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown;
Thus, unlamented, let me die;
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie.

—Alexander Pope, 1688-1744.

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is March, 1903, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

Burra Bagh.

(Margaret C. S. Marshall, in 'Wide World Magazine.')

The day, which had been one of the hottest of India's hot season, was drawing to a close. Throughout the day the heat had been oppressive and overpowering, and in the late afternoon there were no signs either of rain or of a cooling breeze. The creepers surrounding the bungalow were drooping, and even the usually stately palms looked languid. Everything out of doors was motionless, as if paralyzed by the stifling atmosphere. 'Rain, rain, rain,' was the universal cry of thirsty nature.

At this time we lived away up in the North Provinces, fully twenty miles beyond the Mission Station of Rhanaghat, the missionaries there being our nearest white neighbors.

Round us on every side was jungle, stretching as far as the eye could see. To the west could be seen, in bright weather, the clear, sharp, snow-crowned peaks of the mountains more than a hundred miles away. Our beautiful white bungalow, which always looked so clean and cool—almost hidden in a wealth of roses and gayly-colored creepers, and surrounded by rhododendrons, azaleas, and other flowering shrubs—was built on the slope of a hill overlooking the little native village of Signal.

My brother was in government service, and the week previously he had received notice to meet a state official at Rhanaghat. He had gone with a company of natives, taking with him his guns and dogs, in order on the way back to try and rid the neighborhood of its terror, a man-eating tiger.

'Sahib,' said Chadda, one of our men, 'near Botta Singarum, a village two coss (four miles) off, there one 'Burra Bagh' ('bagh' means tiger) 'who kill plenty men; he ate one old woman yesterday. He has an evil spirit, sahib, for though all shikarman and village people plenty, plenty, looking, never can find him. Wo burra chor hy.' (He is a very great thief, sir.)

That was Chadda's account.

Inquiry more than substantiated the accusation made against the terrible Burra Bagh, and it was found that, not only was he a great thief, but a wholesale murderer to boot. Lurking amongst the dense brushwood that skirted the highway, he had within the last six months seized and devoured the amazing number of forty of the inhabitants—sixteen of whom were 'running postmen.' Over and over again he had snatched the cattle-watchers, leaving the cattle untouched. The natives were of the opinion that it was of little use seeking him, as he never remained two nights at the same place. My brother, however, was determined that these awful devastations should come to an end, and he therefore organized the hunt to take place on his way back from Rhanaghat.

So he departed, and I was left alone—alone in my little home up among the hills. Fear I knew not, so accustomed had I grown to the sights and sounds of jungle life. But on this the third evening of his absence, I began to feel lonely, and the extreme heat made me rather nervous into the bargain.

I had finished my home letters ere dusk, and, with a yawn, I drank the cup of welcome chakwa (coffee) which Bara, the ayah, brought me, then retired to my room, and was soon in bed. How hot it was! I

have been in what are considered warmer parts of India since, but never have I experienced heat like that which prevailed that night. My baby sister lay in her little cot by my bedside, and her regular breathing soon made me feel drowsy. The fragrance of the roses seemed to fill the air, bearing a train of pleasant memories, and visions, happy visions, of the dear home-folks away in England floated before me till I was almost asleep.

Suddenly a big gadal (black bat) landed on my mosquito net. I started, and sat up in bed shaking all over. When I discovered the cause of alarm I felt foolish. Black bats were quite common, but my nervousness at seeing them was most uncommon.

I lay back on my pillow again and listened to the eerie noises of the jackals holding festival in the jungle, and the occasional screeches of wild birds. I lay awake until it was quite dark—the peculiar darkness of an Indian night. All was still, save for the low, steady snoring of Bara, the ayah, whose dusky form I could make out lying on a mat just beyond my dressing-room door. Through the muslin curtains of the sitting-room doorway I saw Bruno, the mastiff, fast asleep, and his presence there gave me a feeling of security.

But, hark! what was that noise?—a crashing in the shrubbery, then a soft, gliding movement among the bushes below the veranda. I was thoroughly awake now, and listening intently. The sound ceased as suddenly as it came, and then after a short interval was heard again. It seemed to me now like the tread of some heavy animal. Could any of the bullocks have broken loose? No, that was not likely.

I waited, and in a minute heard a terrific thud on the sitting-room veranda, which seemed to shake the whole house. The animal, whatever it was, was evidently bent on mischief. The shattering and splintering of glass and the rending of curtains next proclaimed that the beast had entered the room. I sprang from my bed and peered through the curtains. Bruno also had leaped up, but only to meet his doom.

What met my gaze fairly stupefied me with horror. There crouched a tiger of immense size! In his blazing eyes was a gleam of what seemed to me insanity. His magnificently colored body was motionless, and his tail moved restlessly to and fro with an almost fascinating regularity. He gave a growl of satisfaction, and springing forward, had in a moment crushed poor Bruno's skull beneath his deadly paw. Seizing the mastiff by the back he shook him as a cat shakes a mouse, then with his claws slit up the neck and drained the blood. The tiger then carried him to the centre of the room, and lying down, commenced slowly to devour him. I heard the crunching of the bones and the smacking of those terrible lips, and I turned away with horror and nausea.

I nearly fainted; but one glance of the little crib fortified and nerved me. I must, if possible, try and save myself for the sake of my brother and dear home-folks, and not only myself, but also my helpless baby sister and the retinue of faithful servants.

What was to be done? If the servants were called and informed of the situation, a panic would ensue, the beast would be roused, and death would be the certain and speedy fate of at least some of us. There was only one thing to do, and that I must do alone. In a drawer of my brother's dressing table lay a loaded revolver. If I could but get that, and use it rightly! I knew nothing of firearms, but I had an idea that revolvers could only be used when near the object aimed at. I shuddered. Could I approach that awful beast? I clenched my teeth and softly crossed the room. I was cold now, cold as the beautifully plated revolver which I drew from the drawer.

Nerving myself I crossed the room, passed through the curtained doorway, and in a moment stood behind the monarch of the jungle, who was now standing finishing the horrid remains of the first course of his feast. What would the second course be? He was evidently an old animal and rather deaf, or he must have heard my movements, quiet though they were. Now or never!

I levelled the revolver, took aim, and fired at the back of his head. With a roar like thunder he turned and prepared to spring. I fired another shot, which must have entered his neck; then another hurried one, which seemed to penetrate farther down. When the smoke cleared away I saw him rolling over and over, writhing in his death agony, and staining the white palm-mat with his blood. I stepped on one side and fired again—this time behind the ear. A slight tremor passed over his limbs, and then all was still. Burra Bagh, the man-eater, was dead and his victims avenged. I had accomplished unwittingly what my brother had failed to do. These thoughts passed through my mind, and then I seemed to fade away.

I remembered no more till I awoke in the centre of an excited group at Rhanaghat, whither the kindly natives had carried me, all those twenty miles.

When I returned home, a month later, I was met by a band of villagers, headed by Chadda, who, in the name of the people, presented me with the skin of Burra Bagh, which they had carefully cured for me, and, underneath the veranda, they stood and sang, in their quaint style:

Burra Bagh is dead, sing O Korinda tree:
No more will Burra Bagh sleep underneath thee,
Bring forth blossoms, put them on white woman's head,
She killed man-eater: Burra Bagh is dead.

Better Than Scolding.

I was visiting a school in one of the outside villages of Utah, a school taught by an Eastern girl. There were nearly 100 pupils. At the stroke of the desk-bell at opening one child recited some devotional verses, and the whole school repeated them in concert. Then one child recited 'the new verse for the week,' and all repeated. As they took their books for study they all recited the verse upon diligence in business. At the calling of the recitation they recited the verse upon striving lawfully.

At recess I was talking with the teacher and her assistant indoors, when some disturbance without caught the teacher's ear, and, stepping to the open window, she said, 'Who has a good verse for such an hour?' and as with one voice came the reply, 'He that ruleth his own spirit is better than he that taketh a city, and quiet reigned at once.

I asked the teacher how she found time for having so much memorizing, for I had discovered that the pupils knew many whole poems and no end of 'character truths.'

'Why,' she replied, 'I only take the time I used to spend in scolding in the East. I have not scolded once in two years. When anything goes wrong, I think of some verse or motto or selection that is worth memorizing. It is often appropriate, but if not, that makes no difference, and I say, "Now is a good time for some memory work," and we all work at it till I feel better and they are diverted.'—Journal of Education.'

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The following are the contents of the issue of Feb. 28, of 'World Wide':

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

Prof. Smart on Trusts and Combines—'The Scotsman,' Edinburgh.
Turkey's Submission—'Commercial Advertiser,' New York.
The German Collapse—By F. Harcourt Kitchin, in 'The Pilot,' London.
Canada Might Have Fared Even Worse—'The Evening Post,' New York.
The National Social Conference at Ahmedabad—By an Observer—'The Indian Ladies' Magazine.'
Lord Kitchener and the Indian Army—'The Fortnightly Review,' London. Abridged.
Lord Kitchener's Lancers—'Daily Graphic,' London.
Will Negro Suffrage be Abandoned—'Commercial Advertiser,' New York.
Circumstantial Evidence—'The Spectator,' London.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

Mines in Piccadilly—'The Speaker,' London.
Pepys as an Instrumentalist—Daily Graphic,' London; 'The Standard,' London.

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

A Mother to Her Son. Lines addressed to the late Lord Dufferin, by his mother, Helen, Lady Dufferin—'T. P.'s Weekly.'
In a Garden Wild—Poem by Lady Lindsay.
How Long Can You Remember—John o London, in T.P.'s Weekly,' London.
Supernatural Religion—By Prof. Adeney, in the 'Hibbert Journal,' London.
The Red House—'The Spectator,' London.
Goschen's Grandfather—'The Daily Chronicle,' London; 'The Daily Mail,' London; 'The Standard,' London.
Survival of Bodily Death—'The Christian World,' London.

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

A Talk with Sir Oliver Lodge—By Harold Begbie, in the 'Daily Mail,' London.
The Floor of the Pacific. First Authentic Record of Remarkable Discoveries—By the Hon. W. E. Meehan, Fish Commissioner, Leslie's Monthly for March. Abridged.
The Marvellous Development of the Trolley Car System—By Samuel E. Moffet, in McClure's Magazine for March. Abridged.
How to Prevent Nervousness in Children—From an address by Prof. Hugh T. Patrick, published in the Journal of the A.M.A., Chicago.
Mathematics and Humor—'Westminster Budget.'
Science Notes—'Scientific American.'

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The Cow That Cleared the Table.

(Clara J. Denton, in 'Little One's Annual.')

In the first place, the man who raised the cow spoiled her, just as a great many boys and girls are spoiled. He let her have her own way in everything.

By the time she was a full-grown cow she had learned a great many bad tricks.

One day she was sold, and as her first owner was not an honest man he said nothing about her bad ways.

She was a very handsome cow. As she gave plenty of rich milk it was not strange that the people who bought her were very proud of her.

They turned her into the large door-yard, where the clover was up to her knees.

The house was built with a basement kitchen, the floor of which was on a level with the ground, so that there were no steps to climb.

When breakfast was over on the morning after the cow was brought home, the family went about their usual work.

The mother went upstairs, and the daughter was left to clear the table and wash the dishes.

But it was a beautiful summer morning, and the young girl had some flowers in the front yard of which she was very fond. She ran off to look at them, and left the kitchen door wide open.

She was soon so happy with her flowers that she forgot the work waiting in the kitchen. She went from blossom to blossom, looking at them and touching them gently; but suddenly, in the midst of her happiness, she heard a great crash that seemed to come from the kitchen.

She darted off, but when she came to the kitchen door her way was blocked. That precious cow was in the kitchen, and one side of her great body was straight across the door. It did no good to push her or to scream at her, for there she stood as stubborn as a mule. The frightened girl could not see her head, but she could hear her eating, and also heard the dishes fall.

It did not take the poor girl but a minute to make up her mind. She flew around the house, in at the front door, and down the stairs to the kitchen, thus getting in front of Madame Cow and driving her out the door.

But she had cleared the table indeed. She had eaten all the victuals left by the family—potatoes, corn, bread, pie, crackers and even pickles. But, worse than all, nearly every dish was on the floor. Some were broken, others cracked, and only a few were entirely safe.

Wasn't Madame Cow turned out of that nice, grassy yard in short order?

Indeed she was; but as that was not the last of her bad capers, she was soon shut up in the barn, fattened, and killed.

But she is still spoken of in that family as 'the cow that cleared the table.'

The Beautiful Arabella.

('Good Cheer.')

'Freely ye have received; freely give.' Matt. 10: 8.

When the Dudleys had determined upon a trip to California, Marion had at once selected Arabella as a travelling companion, for although she had eleven other dollies of entrancing loveliness, the beautiful Arabella had always been the pride of her eyes and the darling of her heart.

The Dudleys had left Chicago far behind them, and now the great thirsty locomotive of their train stopped to drink at a little station

on the desolate plains, and the passengers eagerly hastened out of the sleeper for fresh air and exercise. At first Marion, with Arabella in her arms, ran gaily by her parents' side as they walked up and down, but by-and-by she wandered a little apart from all the others and stood looking down at Arabella with loving admiration. Arabella's luxuriant curls were spun gold in the sunshine, and the frosty air seemed to deepen the roses on her cheeks; her blue eyes were bright and sparkling, for she never shed fretful tears, and the pretty curves of her mouth expressed the sweetest amiability, for she never spoke an unkind or an impatient word. That day her lovely head was crowned with a bewitching turban of gray felt trimmed in blue velvet, with a graceful plume sweeping her fair hair and nestling on her neck back of the dainty ear, studded with a turquoise ear-ring. She was enveloped in a long gray travelling coat, which the breeze parted in front, revealing the blue cashmere of her dress and the fascinating tips of tan shoes.

'Oh!' somebody suddenly exclaimed—wonder, rapture and awe combined in that one little word.

Marion staretd, for she had thought that she and Arabella were quite alone. Then, turning, she discovered a little girl of her own size standing motionless, her gaze fixed upon Arabella. There were holes in the child's shoes, and she wore a thin, faded calico dress, while her only wrap was a tiny shawl thrown over her head and shoulders and pinned beneath a chin quivering with cold.

'How perfectly beautiful!' she cried, pointing a trembling finger at the doll in Marion's arm.

Marion smiled. 'My papa bought her in New York, and she came all the way from Paris,' she explained with pride.

Timidly the poor child drew nearer. 'I never saw anything like her in all my life,' said she, breathlessly.

'Haven't you a dollie of your own?' asked Marion.

'Only Matilda,' was the answer. 'Uncle Ben gave her to me last summer. Uncle Ben is so good. He drove me over here to see the train. Matilda is made of a corn-cob, you know. She has black pins for eyes and white ones for teeth.' There was a pause, followed by a sigh. Her complexion has grown very bad, and her hair—it was yellow silk at first, but now it's dry and matted.' The poor child's fingers cautiously touched one of Arabella's curls blown on the doll's shoulder.

'But the little girls that you play with, haven't they any real dollies?' demanded Marion with something akin to horror in her voice.

The little stranger sorrowfully shook her head. 'The nearest farm to ours is five miles away, and only boys live there. do you suppose that I might hold her—just once?' she begged, then shrank back, frightened at her own boldness.

'You won't drop her?' asked Marion, anxiously.

'Indeed you may trust me!' was the eager reply, and the little girl's arms closed tight about their treasure, as Marion carefully handed her darling to her.

'And you have no real dollie of your own?' repeated Marion, aloud.

Her companion did not hear her. She was lost to all her surroundings, lost in the unspeakable bliss of holding Arabella. Excitement had flushed her pale face, and perfect happiness had driven the hungry longing from her great brown eyes. A strange ache crept into Marion's tender heart. She seemed to see before her very eyes the eleven lovely dolls left in her crowded nursery at home. Oh! it was not right; it was selfish and cruel for one little girl to keep so many dollies when there were other children who had none at all! Had she only known of this poor little girl who had nothing to play with but that forlorn corn-cob, how gladly she would have brought her one of the eleven!

'I love you, dear,' whispered the poor child to the beautiful Arabella.

The ache in Marion's heart grew. Had she any other doll but Arabella with her, she would—yes, she would have gladly given it to this poor little stranger, even if the rest of her long journey had been ever so lonely!

The poor child hid a kiss among Arabella's curls, then she laughed a rippling laugh of overflowing joy.

'Marion! Marion!' called Mr. Dudley. 'You must come now.'

The locomotive's whistle blew and its bell began to ring. The poor child's merry laughter broke into a little gasp of pain. The pink faded from her face. Again the hungry look stole into the great brown eyes—eyes brimming over with tears. Silently she handed Arabella back.

Marion turned toward the train, then, suddenly stopping, she kissed the doll upon her sweet forehead and ran back to the poor little girl and laid the beautiful Arabella in her arms.

'You may hold her always,' she softly said.

Good Boys

Are tidy. They never come to the table with soiled hands and crumpled hair.

Are orderly. They have 'a place for everything, and everything in its place.'

Are neat. They endeaver to keep their shoes blacked and their coats and hats brushed.

Are polite. They speak low and gently. They apologize for mistakes. They are as kind to mother and sister as they are to strangers.

Are patient. They do not grumble if meals are late or things go wrong.

Are helpful. They run on errands, or do little acts of kindness pleasantly when asked.

Are cheerful. They enter the breakfast-room with a pleasant 'Good morning.' They bear disappointments bravely and cheerily.

Are independent. They sew on their own buttons, and take care of their own traps.

Are temperate. They never smoke, nor chew, nor drink anything that intoxicates.

Are prayerful. They kneel night and morning, and ask God's blessing upon themselves and their friends.

Are you a good boy? Will you try to be?—Christian Advocate.

LESSON XII.—MARCH 22.

Paul's Message to the Ephesians.

Ephesians ii., 1-10.

Golden Text.

By grace are ye saved through faith.—Eph. ii., 8.

Home Readings.

Monday, Mar. 16.—Eph. ii., 1-10.
Tuesday, Mar. 17.—Eph. ii., 11-22.
Wednesday, Mar. 18.—Rom. iii., 19-30.
Thursday, Mar. 19.—Rom. v., 1-11.
Friday, Mar. 20.—Rom. v., 12-21.
Saturday, Mar. 21.—Eph. i., 1-14.
Sunday, Mar. 22.—Eph. i., 15-23.

(By R. M. Kurtz.)

1. And you hath he quickened, who were dead in trespasses and sins;

2. Wherein in time past ye walked according to the course of this world, according to the prince of the power of the air, the spirit that now worketh in the children of disobedience;

3. Among whom also we all had our conversation in times past in the lusts of our flesh, fulfilling the desires of the flesh and of the mind; and were by nature the children of wrath, even as others.

4. But God, who is rich in mercy, for his great love wherewith he loved us.

5. Even when we were dead in sins, hath quickened us together with Christ (by grace ye are saved;)

6. And hath raised us up together, and made us sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus.

7. That in the ages to come he might show the exceeding riches of his grace in his kindness toward us through Christ Jesus.

8. For by grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God:

9. Not of works, lest any man should boast.

10. For we are his workmanship, created in Christ Jesus unto good works, which God hath before ordained that we should walk in them.

The lesson before us is from the letter of Paul to the Ephesian Christians. It will not do to read only the few verses given in our lesson, if one is to understand this great epistle. It has been called by Coleridge, 'one of the divinest compositions of man.' Not only does it contain noble utterances and great principles, but it presents the essence of the entire Gospel. It is a sort of summing up of the meaning of Christianity. Dr. James M. Gray, in his 'Synthetic Bible Studies,' says that 'The epistle to the Ephesians contains probably the profoundest spiritual truth revealed to man in the New Testament.' It explains the 'mystery which was kept secret since the world began, but now is made manifest,' as Dr. Gray also shows.

The kingdom of Christ was rejected by Israel as a nation, though predicted by the Old Testament. We have then a period known as the 'Church Age,' which was brought about by this national refusal of Israel to receive her King, and which is to continue until the return of Christ to set up his kingdom upon earth. This church age is therefore a 'mystery,' a sort of parenthesis, in history, and with this the epistle to the Ephesians deals.

So, you see the great importance of an epistle which deals with this mystery, this temporary arrangement, during the dispersion of Israel, until her restoration and the establishment of the kingdom of our Lord upon the earth.

This epistle was written by Paul from Rome, while he was a prisoner there, A.D. 61 or 62. Though addressed to the Ephesians, it is believed that this letter was intended for the churches of all that region as well as Ephesus. By some it has even been thought that it was sent directly to the Laodicean church.

In the first chapter of Ephesians Paul takes up the subject of Christ's headship over the church, and more than this, he indicates God's reason for his infinite blessings and his sacrifices to save them. Perhaps you have wondered sometimes why God went to such great lengths to save men from their sins, and to lift them into a nobler, higher, happier life. In the first chapter of this epistle the answer is found. See verses 6, 12 and 14 of chapter i. Verse 12 says that God thus provided for our salvation, 'That we should be to the praise of his glory.' To quote Dr. Gray again, 'it comforts us, as we realize a sense of security, in the fact that his own glory is involved in the perfecting of the work of grace in us.'

We may divide this lesson into three parts, for purposes of teaching, as follows:

'Dead in Trespasses and Sins.' Under this head Paul speaks of the condition of man before he is saved. Verses 1-3.

'The exceeding riches of his grace.' What God has done for the sinner. 4-7.

'The gift of God.' Salvation not earned by us, but given by God. Verses 8-10.

The teacher would do well to ask scholars to find in the Scriptures, or recall from memory passages bearing upon each of these heads.

'DEAD IN TRESPASSES AND SIN.'

Without salvation man is in a desperate moral condition. True, he does not always appear outwardly to be so. Many an unsaved young person seems to be enjoying life thoroughly and to be in complete peace of heart and mind. Yet if the power to seek pleasure is suddenly taken away, so that the mind has nothing to keep its attention from itself, then discontent, uneasiness and even fear are very apt to take the place of the joyous, rollicking mood we saw before. This condition is described as one of spiritual death:

Paul tells us that God has 'quickened,' that is, made alive, those who were formerly dead in trespasses and sins. Of course, he is addressing here the Ephesian Christians. He tells them that, in time past, before they believed, they 'walked according to the course of this world.' Conversion to Christ means a great change in the life, for it is no longer governed and ordered according to worldly ideas, but it is transformed. There is a new outlook, one has different ideals, he strives after better things: in short, he is made alive from spiritual death and to the grand possibilities that God has for him.

Notice that in walking according to the course of this world, one walks 'according to the prince of the power of the air,' that is, according to the will of Satan. It is now quite the fad among many to deny that there is a personal evil one, commonly known as the Devil, but the Bible teaches that there is, and that he is the adversary of mankind, by whom sin, sorrow and death have come into the world, but who is to be bound for a thousand years when Christ sets up his glorious reign. This evil spirit, the apostle goes on to say, now works in 'the children of disobedience,' and then, in verse 3, he refers to the manifestation of Satan in these Ephesian brethren before they became Christians. They were dead in sin, they walked according to the Devil, they lived in the lusts of the flesh, and they have been 'made alive' from these things.

Charles H. Yatman, the noted evangelist, used to say that conversion was simply ceasing to work for the Devil and beginning to work for God, just as one would change employers in business; though, he added, one need not give the Devil notice that he is going to quit. This, however, only partially expresses the idea; it is a good way to illustrate our freedom to choose whom we will serve, but it stops short of the full meaning of conversion. Let Paul tell us, in Romans vi., 3-5, what more this quickening, this conversion means:

'Know ye not, that so many of us as were baptized into Jesus Christ were baptized into his death? Therefore, we are buried with him by baptism into death: that like as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life. For if we have been planted together in the likeness of his death, we shall be also raised in the likeness of his resurrection.

'THE EXCEEDING RICHES OF HIS GRACE.'

But, though man's natural condition is so hopeless, God's love and mercy come to his rescue. Paul speaks, in verse 4, of 'God, who is rich in mercy.' He is not barely merciful enough to save us from our sins, but there is a wealth of mercy in the divine nature. A genuine love dignifies the one who receives it. So God is not only merciful to man, but he gives him his infinite love. The Revised Version gives us a better view of what is contained in verse 6, 'and raised us up with him, and made us to sit with him in the heavenly places in Christ Jesus.' The idea is that we share in the resurrection of Christ, having thus a hope of a glorious life beyond the grave. We are made to sit with him in heavenly places, literally it is 'in the heavenlies.' That is, we, who were once sinful, lost men, are by God's grace given assurance of life eternal and of sharing the joyous heavenly experiences of Christ.

Paul gives an example of his grand views of things that are high and grand and full of hope. God has raised us up to sit with Christ in the heavenly places, 'that in the ages to come he might shew the exceeding riches of his grace in his kindness toward us through Christ Jesus.' In reading Paul's letters, notice how enthusiastic he becomes as he looks forward to the future, to the things in store for those who love and obey God. So here he must draw aside the curtain of the future for a moment and let the Ephesian Christians see that there is a great hereafter of peace and joy for them.

'THE GIFT OF GOD.'

But now Paul emphasizes a very important principle of the Christian faith. He first expresses it in verse 8, 'For by grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God.' We might have faith, but that alone would not save us: our faith is acceptable through the grace of God.

'Not of works, lest any man should boast.' Here is a point where many stumble. They imagine that, in order to obtain salvation, we must simply 'be good' or 'do good.' Of course, it is true that such activity must be a part of Christian character, but good works are fruits of the Spirit in us, after we have accepted Christ, and are not themselves the condition upon which we are saved. A man cannot earn or buy a place in Heaven by any labor he may perform or by any gift he may offer. He must rather accept salvation as the gift of God through Christ.

We hear much to-day about ethics and an ethical religion. There is a tendency with many to accept Christ only as an example after which we are to model our lives in order to be saved, but there is no such teaching in the Bible. Verses 8 and 9 of our lesson should alone be sufficient argument against such an idea. If we are to be saved we must accept Christ's atonement for us.

'For we are his workmanship, created in Jesus Christ unto good works.' By conversion we are created anew, in Christ, for good works. You see, the works come after our creation in Christ. 'Which God hath afore prepared that we should walk in them." (Revised Version.) These good works have been in the mind of God as an occupation of his children, even before the time for them. Our lives are not made up of chance and accidents, but God

has foreseen and provided for those who are saved, so that they might not be idle and so exposed to temptation. Good works, then, do not save us, but have their place as a result of our salvation in Christ.

This lesson has been so important that we must not drop it without calling attention to a number of references that will aid in our understanding of the question. Read:

Col. ii., 13, 14.
Col. iii., 5-8.
Rom. viii., 13, 14.
Acts xxvi., 18.
Jude 8.
Rom. v., 12.
Rom. ii., 4.
Rom. v., 19-21.
Titus iii., 3-6.
Rev. xxi., 4.
Rom. iii., 20-24.
2 Thess. ii., 13-15.

Next week we have a quarterly review. Try writing from memory a sketch of the work and travels of Paul, as described by the lessons of the last three months.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, March 22.—Topic—What Christ teaches about judging others. Matt. vii., 1-5.

Junior C. E. Topic

THE NOBLEMAN'S SON.

Monday, Mar. 16.—In trouble. Ps. cxliii., 7.

Tuesday, Mar. 17.—Great faith. Matt. viii., 10.

Wednesday, Mar. 18.—Weak faith. Luke viii., 25.

Thursday, Mar. 19.—'Only believe.' Mark ix., 23.

Friday, Mar. 20.—Saved by faith. Rom. x., 9.

Saturday, Mar. 21.—'His whole house.' Acts xvi., 31.

Sunday, Mar. 22.—Topic—What I learn from the healing of the nobleman's son. John iv., 46-53.

Stub Allen.

(Mary Dwinell Chellis in 'Youth's Temperance Banner.')

Ever since he could remember he had been called Stub, although that was not his true name. But it was appropriate, and for that reason it had clung to him.

He was scarcely taller than a well-grown boy of ten, while his shoulders were broad, and his face wrinkled like that of an old man. Strangers were curious in regard to him, and as he was employed at a railway depot his story was often told.

It was all because of tobacco that he was so short. He began to smoke when he was only three years old, and continued the habit until he was nearly thirty. Then he determined to give up tobacco. It cost him a terrible effort to do this; yet he persevered, although his nerves were so shaken that for weeks he could not trust himself to take a cup of coffee in his hand.

His father, from whom he had inherited the appetite, was an inveterate smoker, and when he begged to be allowed to smoke a pipe was given to him. After that he smoked at home occasionally, and when away the novelty of seeing such a child puffing at a pipe or cigar led thoughtless men and boys to tempt him to make an exhibition of his folly.

'Allow a boy of mine to smoke!' he exclaimed, when this question was asked him. 'Never! I have suffered enough for a whole family. There is not a day of my life when I am not mortified at being such a stub. If my boys don't grow up in good shape, it shall not be because they use tobacco while they live with me. They say they ain't ashamed of me, but I think I can trust them for not wanting to look like me. Why, I looked as old as I do now when I was twenty-five, and I smoked until I was nearly thirty.'

'What made you stop?'

'Because I must stop or die. I had a touch of the horrors, delirium tremens, brought on by tobacco instead of liquor. Once was enough for me; and besides, the doctors told me my chances for life were about over. I quit then, but money wouldn't hire me to go through what I did the next six months. Sometimes now, when I smell a good cigar, I am half crazy for it, but nothing would tempt me take a single smoke. If I did, it would be all up with me.

'I didn't marry until I was clear of all that, and my wife thinks as I do about our boys. They are taller now than I am, with a prospect of growing right along. They are good scholars, and I calculate to send them through college if they let smoking and drinking alone. When they begin with tobacco and liquors I have done spending money for them.

'I never cared for liquor, although I wonder I didn't; but I tell you the way to have good men is to be sure of the boys. I don't want any more stubs around where I am, and I don't mean to have them if I can prevent it.'

A Great Procession.

'Every seventh individual in this educated Christian country,' said Councillor Allen, of Ayr, Scotland, recently, 'is either a pauper, lunatic, or criminal. I won't trouble you with applying statistics, but if we could conceive the great army of drunkards in this country on the march, to-night, say two deep, they would extend for four hundred miles. Suppose they marched from London, northwards, and passed this church door, the first of them would be out of sight before the last had left the great city. Is there not room here for noble discontent? Their haggard countenances and shaking limbs make one piteous appeal for sympathy. Not one in ten but has at some time in his life or her life made a solemn vow, signed a temperance pledge, or joined a Good Templar lodge, to break for ever from this bondage. This fact reproaches society and the Church, that men's desires to reform should be so helplessly difficult to accomplish. Not five percent will ever reform; they march on into the blackness of darkness. This is sad, but far more pathetic is it to think that recruits will soon fill their places—it may be bright boys and girls in this very meeting. Then, our duty here is to cherish sympathy—a sympathy that will not evaporate in signs or be distilled in tears, but will say—"Come with me, I will stand by you.' Cast out this demon of drink, but leave not the habitation tenantless, or he may return with fiendish associates.'

Why Temperance Pays Better

A useful lesson is taught, the general secretary of the National Temperance Society in America tells us, by a brewery in Lawrence, Kansas. It was considered a valuable property until Prohibition made it useless for brewing purposes, and the owner sold the building and left the State. This turned the twelve men he had employed out of that into some other industry. Some people called it a 'business calamity' to lose that brewery and the wages of the twelve men he had employed. But soon the big building was put to use again as a shoe factory; and now, with about the same capital that the brewery had, it employs 100 sober operators.

A Bagster Bible Free.

Send five new subscribers to the 'Northern Messenger' at thirty cents each and secure a nice Bagster Bible, suitable for Sabbath School or Day School. Bound in black pebbled cloth, with red edges, measures seven inches by five and three-quarter inches when open.

Correspondence

Castleton, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little boy twelve years old, and I live on a farm six miles north of Colborne. I attend the Presbyterian Sabbath-school at Vernonville, which is about two and a half miles from my home. My father had some packages of 'Northern Messengers' and 'World Wides' for distribution, and I took the 'Northern Messenger' to Sunday-school, and my teacher distributed them, since which they intend to order twenty-five copies. I like the 'Northern Messenger,' and my father takes the 'Witness' and 'World Wide.' My father has been reading the 'Witness' for over thirty-five years.

WILLIE H.

(We are pleased with your enterprizing spirit, Willie, and wish you further success.—Ed.)

Toronto.

Dear Editor,—My father used to take the 'Northern Messenger' when he was a boy. I am twelve years of age, and am in the senior third class at school. I like Toronto very well, having lived here since I was a year old. I have a little canary; I used to have a little black dog named 'Fido.' I have no brothers or sisters to play with, but I have lots of friends and playmates. There are eighteen rooms in our school. Mr. Muir, B.A., is our principal. We have the best teacher in the school, Miss Green. I am very fond of reading good books. Among my favorite authors are Ballantyne and Henty.

ELMER U. P.

JACK FROST.

(By Elmer U. Pugsley.)

Jack Frost went out one cold, cold, night,
Thinking to give somebody a fright.
Slily he crept thro' rack and thro' hole,
Making the old folk poke the red coal.

Away he went across the snow,
Leaving behind him a trace of woe.
Over the country he swept like a ghost,
This jolly old rogue whom they call Jack Frost.

As he hurried along o'er vale and hill,
He whistled aloud this merry trill:
There's no one about can cope with me—
Either in this land or over the sea.

Chatsworth, Ont.

Dear Editor,—There is a river running through our farm, and in the summer we have lots of fun fishing and playing in the water. I have got two grandmas and two great-grandmas, but only one grandpa. One grandma lives quite near us, and I like to go to see her, and have her tell us about her father, who had his arm shot while in the Battle of Corunna, and who was at the burial of Sir John Moore. He was ninety-nine years old when he died. My pa's aunt was the first white lady in Owen Sound. I have over two miles to go to school, and I am in the third reader. Good-bye. ATTIE (aged 11).

(An interesting little letter.—Ed.)

Clinton, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I received the beautiful Bagster Bible you sent me, and I think it a nice gift. I have taken the 'Northern Messenger' for a long time, and would not like to be without it. I go to the Presbyterian Church and Sabbath-school. Our pastor is the Rev. Dr. Stewart, and we all like him very much. He has been in Clinton for nearly twenty-five years. We have a mission band in connection with our church, which is doing very good work. A. M. M.

Fox Harbor, N.S.

Dear Editor,—As I saw Minnie Byers wished to hear from me again, I thought I would write another letter. I have a lot of friends on the Gulf. My father and Mr. John McIvor are first cousins. I was staying on the Gulf last July for four days, and one evening a friend of mine and I called at Mr. McIvor's. I had a very nice time. I was at the Gulf Church on July 27. It was Sacrament Day, the first I ever saw, as our church does not

have the service; they go over to Wallace for it. Our minister is Mr. MacPhail.

I would like to see a letter from Janie Swan, of Mill Brook, as I was up there with my uncle over a year ago. Are there any correspondents in Amherst? I would like to see letters from my cousins there. I wanted to get some names for the pledge crusade, but was not able to do so, the weather was so bad. I have not seen any names I knew in the roll of honor. I read 'Black Rock,' by Ralph Connor, while on the Gulf, and liked it very much. I kept 'The Man from Glengarry,' so I could read it again.

I hope Miss Byers will write again. The letters are much more interesting than formerly. Unlike most of the correspondents, I have never attended school in my life. CHRISTIANA JEAN McI.

Hood River, Oregon.

Dear Editor,—We live on a farm five miles from town, and within four miles of the Columbia river, where two steamboats may be seen passing every day between eight and nine o'clock in the morning. They carry both passengers and freight. We live between two snow-covered mountains, Mount Hood and Mount Adams. This valley is noted for its fine strawberries and apples, and almost all other kinds of fruit do well here. The climate is very mild in winter. This valley is very heavily timbered, and has some large pine trees that are from seventy-five to a hundred feet high. Hood River, just below our farm, has an abundant water power. There is a saw mill about a mile from here, which is run by its waters. I was at the Hood River Falls last fourth of July, and had an excellent time.

We live two miles from our schoolhouse and from Sunday-school.

SANKEY H.

Galt, Ont.

Dear Editor,—Our Sabbath-school teacher's name is Mr. Murray, and he takes a great interest in his class. The church is situated in the centre of the town, but we live quite a piece from there. I am going to give you a brief history of the town, and also a description of the semi-centennial held on July 17 and 18 of last year. Galt is known as the 'Manchester of Canada,' and is situated on the Grand River. It has long been known for the unusual beauty of its situation, the excellence of its manufactures, and the prominence of its educational institutions. In the last respect, it occupies a position unrivalled in the country, in that the foundation of its education was laid under circumstances of such a peculiar character as to give it a distinction held, I believe, by no other town in Canada. The town proper is situated in the valley, but it also extends over the many hills. It has a great many manufactures, including engines, boilers, all kinds of mill and factory machinery, saws, pins, flour and oatmeal. The Grand River flows south through the town, and supplies abundant water power. Preston is three miles distant, and is noted for its cotton and woollen mills. An electric car runs from Galt to Preston, and thus increases the business of the town. Galt has seven churches, a hospital, eight parks, a public library, with about sixteen hundred readers, three public schools and a collegiate institute. My sister and I passed the entrance examination two years ago, and have been attending the institute ever since. There are about one hundred and fifty-three pupils attending the schools and there are six teachers. They change rooms every three-quarters of an hour, and teach the lessons in the different forms, so that we have some of the teachers two or three times each day. We take up Latin, French, algebra, arithmetic, geography and Euclid, and like the subjects very much. The institute held a reunion on July 17 and 18 of last year, in honor of the fiftieth anniversary of the school. Thursday, July 17, the first day, broke dull, with heavy lowering clouds that threatened each moment to descend in torrents of rain. As the day advanced, however, the breeze freshened and patches of blue began to appear here and there through the rifts in the clouds, and ere noonday had come, the sun had gained the complete mastery, and was blazing out its golden light from an almost cloudless sky. In the morning no special programme had been prepared. Many of the Old Boys, who had arrived in the town the previous evening, took advantage of the opportunity to revisit many of the familiar scenes of their school days.

Throughout the morning the railway stations were the scenes of great animation. The Old Boys were received by their friends and taken to the collegiate, where the duty was imposed upon them of telling who they were, where they came from, what their occupation and the date of their entrance as students to the school. They were then presented with a badge consisting of the collegiate colors bearing the year of admission to the school, and these colors were attached to a button having a picture of the principal of the school at the time of admission. Shortly before two o'clock the 48th Highlanders' Band of Toronto opened the programme with their grand Scotch airs. This was followed by speeches and sports. The remainder of the afternoon was spent in renewing old acquaintances and in enjoying the fine music provided by the band. The evening drew on, and the people left the campus to prepare for the evening's entertainment.

Towards eight o'clock a throng of citizens and visitors began to move towards Dickson's Park, where a band concert was to be given by the 48th Highlanders Band. This feature of the programme passed off to the enjoyment of everyone in attendance. The programme for the second day was of an informal character. An organ recital was given at ten a.m., in Knox church by Dr Davies, and the Rev. Mr. Knowles there spoke a few words of welcome to the old scholars. The event of the afternoon was the garden party which was held on the collegiate campus, and at which two thousand citizens, pupils and ex-pupils were present. Everything was conducive to the enjoyment of the occasion, the weather was delightful, sweet music was furnished by the 29th Battalion Band, and the Old Boys were again privileged to enjoy the favorite game of cricket. At about five o'clock an elm tree was planted on the lawn in memory of the semi-centennial, and the spot for planting it was selected just north of the institute in front of the skating rink. The closing night's magnificent banquet in the town's skating rink was the scene of the most notable assemblage in Galt's history. The guests, the occasion, the decorations, all tended to unite the past with the present. Four tiers of tables extended from end to end, a glittering mass of linen, silver, flowers, with an Old Boy in each chair. At the sides and in the galleries the ladies sat, an attractive, if not an active factor in the function. After the banquet the people left town for their distant homes, and thus ended the semi-centennial.

MABEL M.

(Long, neat, interesting.—Ed.)

HOUSEHOLD.

Planning the Housework.

(Eleanor Marchant, in 'N. E. Homestead.')

A woman who would have her household machinery move smoothly should, if possible, do most of her planning over night for the work which must be done the following day. Very often a considerable share falls on a special day each week, and there will be a number of little extra things to do. For these she must plan, so they will not all crowd upon her at once. On such a day the cooking and clearing away of the evening meal can be entirely done away with. The good housewife can, with a little foresight, plan a picnic supper of sandwiches, cookies and fruit, and little wooden plates and paper napkins can be used. If there are children in the house they will enjoy it much more than the regular meal.

A desire for economy sometimes results in a most foolish expenditure of energy, which is really a very bad kind of extravagance. Perhaps she has been particularly busy all day and is feeling very tired, when in comes a neighbor who tells her of a great shoe sale. In a moment she thinks of Tom's shoes—the child must really have new ones—so off she rushes to secure them. She returns, delighted to have gotten them a few pennies under the usual price. As a matter of fact, those shoes were an expensive purchase. It was like the proverbial straw that broke the camel's back, for the next day she is either moping about feeling incapable of work, or she is prostrated with a severe headache. Planning would have saved this kind of thing, and prevented the crowding of two days' work into one.

In planning and estimating a day's work some allowance should always be made for interruptions, and for the work taking longer than was anticipated. With too many 'irons in the fire,' such hindrances as a visitor, or having to console a crying child in some little trouble, make it difficult to maintain that calm, sweet temper, which is necessary to the woman who is not merely the mainspring of the machinery of the household, but its good angel who makes it home indeed to all that dwell there.

Play for Children.

Play is the proper and natural outlet for a child's thoughts. To restrain his motion is to drive back his living fancy into the recesses of his mind, and this results in his confusion and unhappiness. Some children who are forced to be still and passive when they are longing for action, find relief in whispering over stories to themselves; but it is an unsatisfactory substitute for dramatic action. And it is also morally injurious, for the necessity of concealing one's ideas destroys after awhile the ability of fluent expression, and brings about timidity and distrust of our friends. —Florence Hull Winterburn, in 'Woman's Home Companion.'

The helpless man, when sickness comes into the family is a double burden. He can't start a fire, or make a cup of tea, and sometimes, were it not for the neighbors, he might be in danger of starving to death.

NORTHERN MESSENGER

(A Twelve Page Illustrated Weekly).

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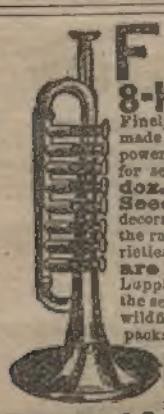


FREE
8-KEY CORNET

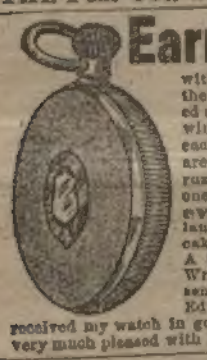
Finely shaped and beautifully made of polished nickel, with powerful, clear, sweet tone, given for selling at 10c. each only **1 doz.** large packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds.** Each package is beautifully decorated in **12** colors, and contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. **They are hot sellers.** Everybody buys. Roy Lappley, Rosewood, Man., said: "I sold all the seeds in a few minutes. They went like wildfire." A 50c. certificate free with each package. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send you the seeds postpaid. A. Wiseman, Kirkton, Ont., says: "I was surprised to get such a grand Premium for so little work." Address, **The Prize Seed Co., Dept. 446, Toronto, Ontario**

Earn This WATCH

With polished silver nickel open face case, the back elaborately engraved, fancy milled edge, heavy bevelled crystal and keyless Wind, Imported works, by selling only **15** large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at **10c.** each. The packages are beautifully decorated in 12 colors and each one contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. **Everybody buys.** Percy Bell, Little Rapids, Ont., said: "The seeds sold like wildfire." A 50c. certificate free with each package. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send you the Seeds postpaid. Don't delay. Edward Gilbert, Petrolea, Ont., says: "I received my watch in good condition. It is a daisy and I am very much pleased with it." **THE DOMINION SEED CO., DEPT. 462 TORONTO, Ont.**

FREE LANTERN AND ENGINE

Splendid Magic Lantern with powerful lenses showing dozens of pictures in colors and Real Steam Engine with brass boiler and steam chest, steel piston rod and fly wheel, and Russian iron burner compartment, **given** for selling at **10c.** each only **1 doz. Glass Pens.** These Pens are made entirely of Glass. They never rust, never wear out, and write a page with one dip of ink. **They sell easily everywhere.** A 50c. certificate free with each Pen. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will mail the Pens postpaid. When sold return $1.20 and we will forward immediately **both** the **Lantern and Engine.** **THE PEN CO., Dept. 459, TORONTO, Ont.**



Earn This Watch

with polished silver nickel open face case, the back elaborately engraved, fancy milled edge, heavy bevelled crystal and keyless wind, imported works, by selling at **10c.** each only **15 Glass Pens.** These pens are made entirely of glass. They never rust, never wear out and write a page with one dip of ink. **They sell easily everywhere.** M. E. Bush, Rose Island, Ont., says: "The Pens sell like hot cakes. Everyone is pleased with them." A 50c. certificate free with each Pen. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send you the pens postpaid. Don't delay. Edward Gilbert, Petrolea, Ont., says: "I received my watch in good condition. It is a daisy and I am very much pleased with it." **Pen Co.,** Dept. 462, Toronto.

FREE KNIFE

Beautiful **Pearl-handled four-bladed Knife** of best quality highly tempered steel, burnished bolsters and brass lining, given for selling only **6** large beautifully colored packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** at **10c.** each. **Everybody buys them.** Roy Lupply, Rosewood, Man., said: "I sold all the seeds in a few minutes. They went like wild fire." A 50c. certificate free with each package. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send you the Seeds postpaid. **THE PRIZE SEED CO., DEPT. 417, Toronto.**

FREE
FUR SCARF

Soft, warm, brown River Mink Scarf, 4 ft. long, 5 inches wide, with 8 fine full black tails. A perfect imitation of real mink. Looks worth $45.00. We give it free for selling at **25c.** each, only **1 dozen large bottles** of exquisite **White Rose Perfume**, the regular 50c. size. It is put up in large Fancy Glass Bottles, nicely moulded in imitation of cut glass, and beautifully ornamented in colors. This Perfume is made by one of the largest manufacturers in Europe. We were fortunate enough to secure a shipment at a specially reduced price, and are thus able to sell at 25c. a bottle, just one-half the regular price. Everyone you show it to will buy at least one bottle. Send us a Post Card to-day and we will mail you the Perfume, postpaid. A 50c. certificate free with each bottle. **The Paris Perfume Co., Dept. 426, Toronto.**

FORTUNE TELLER
FREE

A marvellous invention. It will tell your fortune and answer every question you ask it. If you wish to know whether fortune or misfortune awaits you, if you are to marry or not, or anything else that now puzzles you, just direct your thought and conversation to this Magic Fortune Teller, and everything will be made clear. You can talk to it as though it were a living being, and it will answer without an instant's delay. We give this wonderful machine for selling at **15c.** each only 7 Canadian Home Cook Books. These Books are nicely printed, beautifully bound, and each contains 739 choice recipes. **Every housekeeper buys one.** Write us a **post card** to-day and we will mail the Cook Books postpaid. Don't delay. Home Specialty Co., Dept. 452, Toronto.

TELEPHONE 15c.

A perfect Telephone, made of metal with strong sensitive transmitters, two tubes, a talking and hearing tube, and an ample supply of sensitized cord. With this instrument the lowest whispers can be heard distinctly at long distances. Put up a line between different rooms of your house, out to the barn or across the way to your neighbors. Be up-to-date. Price, postpaid, only 15c. or 2 sets for 25c. The Novelty Co., Dept. 401, Toronto

FREE
PARLOR ACCORDEON

With 3 nickel keys, 2 sets of reeds, mahogany finished case with ebonized trimmings and gilt decorations **given** for selling at **10c.** each only **10** Glass Pens. These wonderful Pens are made entirely of Glass. They never rust, never wear out, and write a page with one dip of ink. **They sell easily everywhere.** A 50c. certificate free with each Pen. S. Wilton, Shoal Lake, Man., says: "I received my Accordeon and am quite delighted with it. My friends were all surprised to see what a handsome Premium I got for so little trouble." Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send you the Pens postpaid. **THE PEN CO., Dept 419 TORONTO, Ont.**

FREE KNIFE

We give this beautiful **Pearl-Handled, Four-Bladed** Knife of best quality highly tempered steel, burnished bolsters and brass lining, for selling only **6** packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** at **10c.** each. The packages are beautifully decorated in **12** colors and each one contains **42** of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. **Everybody buys.** Roy Lupply, Rosewood, Man., said: "I sold the Seeds in a few minutes. They went like wildfire." A 50c. Certificate free with each Package. Write us a **Post Card** to-day and we will send you the Seeds postpaid. Raymond Pelly, Holland, Man., says: "My Knife is just beautiful, and is a most excellent Premium for the little work I did." **The Dominion Seed Co., Dept. 417 Toronto.**

FREE
SWEET TONED AUTOHARP

Made of selected California redwood, handsomely polished, 23 silver strings and 3 bars, producing 5 chords. This popular instrument complete with music rack, picks, full instructor and 36 selections, given for selling at **15c.** each only **10 Canadian Home Cook Books.** These Books were never before sold for less than 25c. They are nicely printed, beautifully bound and each contains **739** choice recipes. **Every woman buys one.** With each book we give a 50c. certificate free. H. Fitch, Niagara Falls South, Ont., says: "The Cook Books sold well. Everyone thinks they are very fine for the money." Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send you the Cook Books postpaid. E. Proctor, Vancouver, B.C., says: "I received my Autoharp and am more than pleased with it." Write us to-day. **Home Specialty Co.** Dept. 456, Toronto

FREE
ASSOCIATION Football

made of specially prepared Oak Tanned Leather, hand sewn and furnished with best quality red rubber bladder, given for selling at **15c.** each only **10 Diamond Collar Buttons** with richly engraved gold finished tops, set with large, sparkling Electric Diamonds. A 50c. certificate free with each Button. Geo. Sinclair, Innisfail, Alta., says: "I sold the Buttons in 5 minutes. Everyone was pleased with them." Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send the Buttons postpaid. Don't delay. **Gem Novelty Co.,** Dept. 424, Toronto.

PICTURES ON CREDIT
—NO SECURITY ASKED—

We send you **15** large beautifully colored pictures, each 16x22 inches named "The Angels Whisper," "The Family Record," "Christ before Pilot," "Rock of Ages." These pictures are handsomely finished in 12 colors and could not be bought for less than 50c. each in any store. You sell them for 25c. each, send us the money, and for your trouble we send you a handsome gold-finished **Double Hunting Case** Watch, lady's or Gent's size, richly and elaborately engraved in solid gold designs, with stem wind and set, accurately adjusted reliable imported movement. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will mail you the pictures postpaid, also our large illustrated Premium List showing dozens of other valuable prizes. Address, Home Art Co., Dept 488 Toronto.

REAL SOLID GOLD RING FREE

Beautiful fancy design, elegantly engraved and set with two very large fiery, flashing, rich, red Rubies and two beautiful snow white Pearls. A very handsome Ring, given for selling only **15** large packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** at **10c.** each. The packages are beautifully decorated in **12** colors and each one contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. **Everybody buys them.** A 50c. certificate free with each package. Mabel McKinnon, Oberon, Man., said: "I sold all the seeds in 30 minutes." Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send you the seeds postpaid. Maud Martin, Westmoreland, N.B., says: "I received my ring and am highly pleased with it. I had no idea it would be such a beauty." Write to-day. The Dominion Seed Co., Dept **435** Toronto.

SLEEPING DRESSED DOLL FREE

Girls, you can get this lovely doll for selling only 15 large, beautiful packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at 10c. each. You can sell the Seeds in a few minutes. Annie Dufton, St. Marys, Ont., says: "I had only to show the packages to sell them." Dolly is as pretty as a picture. She shuts her eyes and goes to sleep or wakes up and opens them just like a real live baby. She has golden curls, pearly teeth, stylish hat, fashionable silk or satin dress trimmed with lace, dainty little slippers with silver buckles, real stockings and laced trimmed underwear. She has movable joints and can open and shut her eyes. Pearl Millikin, Renton P.O., Ont., says: "The Doll you sent me is a beauty and just the same as your description of her." Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send the seeds postpaid. A 50c. Certificate free with each package. **Dominion Seed Co., Dept. 434 Toronto**

$50.00 GOLD WATCH FREE

Solid **14K Gold** finished case, deep cut, elegantly engraved back and bezel and fancy knurled centre. Open face, stem wind and set, fitted with a **fully guaranteed** movement, genuine American make, **Ruby jeweled,** lever escapement, and black and silver plates to protect the works. **A perfect timekeeper and a very elegant Watch,** given absolutely free for selling only **3 doz.** large packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** at **10c.** each. Each package is beautifully decorated in **12** colors and contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. They are wonderful sellers. Everybody buys. Frank Prior, Bracebridge, Ont., said: "By the time I had visited 14 places my Seeds were all sold." Write us a **Post Card** to-day and we will send you the Seeds postpaid. A 50c. certificate free with each package. **THE PRIZE SEED CO., DEPT. 496, TORONTO.**

WE TRUST YOU

With **15** large, beautifully colored packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** to sell for us at **10c.** each. When sold return $1.50 and we will immediately send you this **elegant Fur Scarf,** 3 ft. 6 in. long, 6 in. wide, made of selected full furred skins, with 6 fine full black tails. A handsome, stylish fur, fully equal in appearance to the most expensive Fur Scarf, and just as warm and comfortable. Ethel Austen, St. Catharines, Ont., said: "I cannot express my thanks for the Ruff. It is just beautiful." Write us a **Post Card** to-day and we will mail the Seeds postpaid. A 50c. certificate free with each package. Mrs. A. Logan, St. Johns, N.B., said: "The Seeds went like hot cakes." Address: **The DOMINION SEED CO., Dept. 497, Toronto, Ont.**

FREE SOLID GOLD RING

Genuine Precious Stones, **Pearls, Turquoise** and **Garnets,** set in a **beautifully engraved real Solid Gold Ring,** given for selling only **10** large packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** at **10c.** each. The packages are beautifully decorated in **12** colors, and each one contains 42 of the rarest prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. **They are wonderful sellers. Everybody buys.** Mrs. A. Logan St. John, N.B., said: "I sold all the Seeds in a few minutes. They went like hot cakes." A 50c. certificate free with each package. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will mail the Seeds postpaid. A. Goodick, Sandy Point, N.S., said: "I received the Gold Ring, and am more than glad and satisfied with it. All my friends think it a beauty." **The PRIZE SEED CO., DEPT. 454, TORONTO.**

FREE LANTERN AND ENGINE

Splendid Magic Lantern with powerful lenses showing dozens of pictures in colors and Real Steam Engine with brass boiler and steam chest, steel piston rod and fly wheel, and Russian iron burner compartment, **given** for selling only **1 doz.** large packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** at **10c.** each. The packages are beautifully decorated in 12 colors, and each one contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties, of every imaginable color. **You can sell 3 and 4 packages in every house.** A 50c. certificate free with each package. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will mail the Seeds postpaid. When sold return $1.20 and we will forward immediately **both** the **Lantern** and **Engine.** **The DOMINION SEED CO., DEPT 459 TORONTO, ONT.**

TALKING DOLL FREE

Girls! Would you like to own the most wonderful doll ever invented, a doll as sweet and pretty as a picture, that can talk and cry as naturally as any living baby? If you would like to own this lifelike wonder you can get her without spending one cent. We will present you with one absolutely free if you will sell for us at **10c.** each only **15** large packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds.** Each package is beautifully decorated in 12 colors and contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. **Everybody buys.** Mabel McKinnon, Oberon, Man., said: "I sold all the Seeds in a few minutes. I never saw goods sell so fast." A 50c. certificate free with each package. Dolly has golden curls, blue eyes, pearly teeth, rosy cheeks, in fact, she is a perfect beauty, and talks, says "Papa" and "Mamma" as plainly as you can. She is the crowning wonder of the doll maker's art. With each we send a quantity of heavy, beautiful silk, pretty ribbon and fine lace sufficient to make the hat and dress shown in the picture. Girls, you can get all this free. Send us a **post card** to-day and we will send the seeds postpaid. Minnie Cadden, Saltcoats, Assa., said: "My Doll is a perfect beauty. There is not another one like it in the place." Dominion Seed Co., Dept. 412 Toronto.

14K. GOLD WATCH FREE

What is the use of spending $25.00 or $50.00 for a Watch when you can get one for nothing that looks like a Solid Gold Watch and keeps time equal to any **$50.00** Watch. Here is your chance. We will give this handsome reliable Watch to any person who will sell for us only **16 Canadian Home Cook Books** at **15c.** each. These Books are nicely printed, beautifully bound and each contains **732** choice recipes. **Every Lady buys one.** A 50c. certificate free with each Book. This is not a cheap pocket clock, but a handsome Watch, finished in 14k. gold, elegantly engraved, beautifully ornamented, stem wind and set, fitted with reliable American works, carefully timed and adjusted before leaving the factory, and positively guaranteed by the maker. If you could afford to pay $50.00 for a Watch you could not get one that would look better, or keep better time than the one we here offer you absolutely free. T. F. Dunbar, Renfrew, Ont., says: "I sold the Watch for $6.00 as soon as I got it." Write us a **Post Card** to-day and we will send the Cook Books postpaid. They sell themselves. **The Home Specialty Co., Dept. 474, Toronto, Ont.**

KICK! KICK!! GET INTO THE GAME!

FREE ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL

Full regulation size, made of specially prepared Oak Tanned Leather, hand sewn and furnished with best quality red rubber bladder, given for selling at **10c.** each only **15** large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds. Each package is beautifully decorated in **12** colors and contains **42** of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. **They are wonderful sellers.** A. E. Logan, St. John, N.B., said: "The Seeds went like hot cakes." A 50c certificate free with each package. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send the Seeds postpaid. Jas. Kavanagh, St. John's, Nfld., says: "I am highly delighted with my football. I could not buy it in this city for less than $1.50. Men of experience say it is the best ball they ever played." Address **THE PRIZE SEED CO., DEPT. 441 TORONTO.**

ANYONE CAN PLAY THE WONDERFUL AUTOHARP WITH 15 MINUTES PRACTICE

FREE SWEET TONED AUTOHARP

Made of selected California Redwood, handsomely polished with 23 silver strings and 3 bars producing 3 chords, for selling only **15** large packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** at **10c.** each. The packages are beautifully decorated in **12** colors and each contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. H. Smith, Sydney, C.B., said: "I sold all the Seeds in five minutes." A 50c. Certificate free with each package. Write us a **Post Card** to-day, and we will send you the Seeds postpaid. Sell them return $1.50 and we will immediately forward your Autoharp with music rack, pick, full instructor and 16 selections. Write at once. **THE DOMINION SEED CO., DEPT. 407 TORONTO**

HANDSOME WATCH FREE

For selling only **15** large packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** at **10c.** each. Each package is beautifully decorated in 12 colors and contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. They are wonderful sellers. **Everybody buys them.** Often several packages are sold in one house. Percy Bell, Little Rapids, Ont., said: "The Seeds sold like wildfire." P. J. A. Lowes, Moose Jaw, Assa, said: "I sold all the seeds in 10 minutes on my way home from the Post Office." A 50c. certificate free with each package. This handsome Watch has polished silver nickel open face case, the back elaborately engraved, fancy milled edge, heavy bevelled crystal and reliable imported works. Leo C. Garlin, Metcombe, Ont., said: "My Watch is a dandy and takes the shine wherever it is. I thank you many times for the work, was not enough for such a valuable prize." Write us a **Post Card** to-day and we will send you the Seeds postpaid. **THE PRIZE SEED CO., DEPT. 498, TORONTO, ONTARIO**

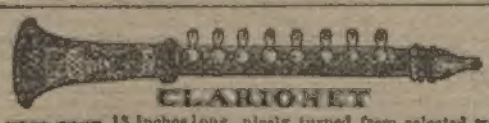
THE LOVLIEST SILK REMNANTS YOU EVER SAW ALMOST GIVEN AWAY

Enough heavy rich, elegant Silk Squares to make **2 large sofa cushions for only 15c. no piece smaller than 5½ x 7 inches,** and most of them about 6½ x 10. **How can we do it?** Why, because we picked up a great bargain at a European Silk Mill. They had $600.00 worth of extra fine samples of their very best silks cut in large squares for their travellers to take orders with from wholesale houses, and offered us the lot at a price which enabled us to give you this great bargain. We closed the deal and now we are giving our lady friends the benefit. Think of a package of these beautiful large pieces, **all** of the **newest patterns, stripes, checks, flowers, rich heavy quality,** enough to make 2 large cushions, or drapes tables, and a hundred other lovely things to beautify your home, for only 15c. In making this kind of fancy work a great point is in having a variety of patterns, is it not? Well, **in the whole $600.00 worth there are no 2 pieces alike,** and more than that, **with each package we send free a booklet showing over 100 fancy stitches** for ornamenting the seams which will add a hundred fold to the beauty of your work. **Don't miss this chance.** We shall never be able to buy pieces like these again, and so will not be able to offer them to you. **Read what ladies say who have bought our Silk Squares.** Corval, P.O., Ont.: "I was very much pleased with the silk Remnants. There were more pieces and of better quality than I expected."—Mrs. T. Ibbitson. Salem P.O., Ont., "I think your Silk Remnants are just lovely. Please send me some more."—Miss Aggie Smellie. Milestown, P.Q., Ont., "I enclose 25c. for 2 more packages of Silk Remnants. I was very much pleased with both the quality and quantity, as you may judge by my repeating my order."—Mrs. W. E. Saxby. Pembroke, Ont., "I am very much satisfied and delighted with the Silk Pieces received. I have found them very useful and beautiful."—Mrs. J. Hentenn. Centralia, Ont., "I am sending for 2 more packages of Silk Pieces I think they are very nice, and the cheapest bargain I ever got."—Mrs. Wm. Huxtable. We have hundreds more like these. Price, 1 package 15c., 2 for 25c. Don't send stamps. **JOHNSTON & CO., SILK DEPT. N, TORONTO, ONTARIO.**

$4.00 TRAINS ON TRACKS FREE

Locomotive, tender, 4 cars and track made of metal rails. The locomotive is complete in all its parts, is beautifully ornamented and the tender and cars are finished in bright, attractive colors and can be coupled together just like a real train. We have only a few dozen samples of these special Trains, ranging in price from $2.00 to $4.00 each. The more expensive ones have **Bridges, Tunnels, Switches, 4 Cars,** extra fine tracks and are elaborately finished throughout. We are anxious to clear out this small stock at once and will give one of these expensive trains absolutely free if you will sell only **1½** doz. large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds for us at **10c.** each. The packages are beautifully decorated in 12 colors and each one contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. **Nothing sells like them.** P. J. Lowes, Moosejaw, Assa., said: "I sold all the Seeds in 10 minutes on my way home from the postoffice." A 50c. certificate free with each package. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send you the seeds postpaid. The most expensive train will of course be given to the person ordering first and so on as long as the samples last. Order at once and the $4.00 Train may be yours. The Dominion Seed Co., Dept. **431** Toronto.

CLARIONET FREE



13 inches long, nicely turned from selected wood, beautifully finished, with 8 nickel keys. Given for selling only **10** large beautifully colored packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** at **10c.** each. **Everybody buys them.** Roy Lapply, Rosewood, Man., said: "I sold all the Seeds in a few minutes. They went like wildfire." A 50c. certificate free with each package. Write us a **Post Card** and we will send the Seeds postpaid. Sell them, return $1.00, and we will send this Sweet-toned Clarionet, with complete Instructor and a large collection of popular pieces. **THE PRIZE SEED CO., DEPT. 422, TORONTO**

BOY'S PRINTER

A complete printing office, three alphabets of rubber type, bottle of best indelible ink, type holder, self-inking pad, and type tweezers. You can print 500 cards, envelopes, or tags in an hour and make money. Price, with instructions, **12c.**, postpaid. The Novelty Co., Box 01 Toronto.

FREE SOLID GOLD RING

Genuine Precious Stones, **Pearls, Turquoise** and **Garnets,** set in a **beautifully engraved real Solid Gold Ring,** given for selling at **15c.** each only 7 Canadian Home Cook Books. These books were never before sold for less than 25c. They are nicely printed, beautifully bound, and each contains **732** choice recipes. With each Cook Book we give a 50c. certificate free. **Every housekeeper buys one.** J. Baxter, Sherbrooke, Que., said: "I never saw anything sell so quickly as your Cook Books." Send us a **post card** to-day and we will mail the Cook Books postpaid. A. Goodick, Sandy Point, N.S., said: "I received the Gold Ring, and am more than glad and satisfied with it. All my friends think it a beauty." **THE HOME SPECIALTY CO., Dept. 454, Toronto.**

FREE PARLOR ACCORDEON

With 8 nickel keys, 2 sets reeds, mahogany-finished case with ebonized trimmings and gilt decorations **given** for selling at **10c.** each only 6 doz. large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds. Each package is beautifully decorated in **12** colors and contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. **They sell easily everywhere.** Gertrude M. Reid, Seaforth, Ont., said: "I sold all the Seeds in a few minutes. They went very fast." A 50c. certificate free with each package. Daniel R. McLean, Pictou Island, N.S., said: "I received my Accordeon and think it is an excellent Premium. It is equal to any $5.00 instrument to be had in the market." Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send you the Seeds postpaid. **THE DOMINION SEED CO., DEPT. 432 TORONTO, ONT.**

FREE STEAM ENGINE

Makes 300 Revolutions in a minute. Easy running, swift and powerful. Strongly made of steel and brass, handsomely nickel plated. Has belt wheel, steam whistle and safety valve, iron stand, brass boiler and steam chest, steel piston rod and Russian iron burner compartments. Boys! this big, powerful Steam Engine is free to you for selling only 9 large, beautifully colored packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at **10c.** each. **Everybody buys them.** Roy Butler, Wilsonville, Ont., said: "I sold the seeds in a few minutes. People said they were fine." Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send the Seeds postpaid. Order now, as we have only a limited quantity of these special Engines on hand. Arnold Wiseman, Kirkton, Ont., said: "My Engine is a beauty and a grand premium for so little work. **PRIZE SEED CO., Dept. 434 Toronto**

ENAMELLED WATCH FREE

Hand ome Silver Nickel case on which a horse is elegantly enamelled the rich, brown fur and delicate coloring making the whole design absolutely true to life. A very beautiful and thoroughly reliable Watch that answers every purpose of the most expensive time-piece, given for selling only **1½ doz.** large, beautiful packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** at **10c.** each. Each package is beautifully decorated in 12 colors and contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. **They are hot sellers.** Everybody buys them. Roy Butler, Wilsonville, Ont., said: "I sold all the seeds in a few minutes. People said they were fine." A 50c. certificate free with each package. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will mail the packages postpaid. Charles Wickham, Ridgetown, Ont., said: "I received my watch and it is far ahead of my expectations. It keeps splendid time and I am perfectly delighted with it." Address Prize Seed Co., Dept **442** Toronto.

FREE

COMBINATION KNIFE AND TOOL SET

Given for selling at **10c.** each only **9** Glass Pens. These Pens are made entirely of Glass. They never rust, never wear out, and write a page with one dip of ink. **They sell easily everywhere.** This magnificent Knife is a complete Tool Chest in itself, consisting of 1—Screw Driver, 2—Nut Cracker, 3—Hoof Cleaner, 4—Punch, 5—Cork Screw, 6—Tweezers, 7—Probe, 8—Big Blade, 9—Little Blade. This is a strong well-finished Knife, made in Sheffield, England, of the best quality English Steel with stag handle and nickel plate. G. Mitchell, Plantagenet, Ont., says: "I must say my knife is a splendid Premium. My friends all say it is a beauty." Write us a **Post Card** to-day and we will mail the Pens postpaid. Sell them, return 90c., and we will immediately forward your **Knife.** Address **The Pen Co., Dept. 458, Toronto.**

FREE SWEET TONED AUTOHARP

Made of selected California redwood handsomely polished, 23 silver strings and 3 bars, producing 3 chords. This popular instrument complete with music rack, picks, full instructor and 16 selections, given for selling at **10c.** each only **15** large packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds.** Each package is beautifully decorated in **12** colors and contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. They are wonderful sellers. **Everybody buys.** Mrs. A. E. Logan, St. John, N.B., said: "I sold all the seeds in a few minutes. They went like hot cakes." A 50c. certificate free with each package. Write us a **Post Card** to-day and we will send you the Seeds postpaid. J. Trafford, Indian Head, N.W.T., said: "I am more than delighted with my Autoharp. It has a very sweet tone and all my friends think it just splendid." Address: The Prize Seed Co., Dept. **433** Toronto.

WE TRUST YOU

With 2 doz. large beautifully colored packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** to sell for us at **10c.** each. For your trouble we will give you a beautiful little Watch with Gold hands on which a large rose with buds and leaves is elegantly enamelled in seven colors. Edna Robinson, Powasson, Ont., says: "My watch is a perfect beauty." Write us a **Post Card** to-day and we will send you the Seeds postpaid. A 50c. Certificate free with each package. Gracie Brown, Cheverie, N.S., said: "I sold all the Seeds in a few minutes." **THE DOMINION SEED CO., DEPT. 409 TORONTO, ONTARIO.**

Boys don't miss this Chance.

FREE ENAMELLED WATCH

for men or boys. Handsome Silver Nickel case on which a Deer is elegantly enamelled, the rich brown fur and delicate coloring making the whole design absolutely true to life. A very beautiful and a thoroughly reliable watch that answers every purpose of the most expensive timepiece given for selling at **10c.** each only **1½ doz. Glass Pens.** These Pens are made entirely of Glass. They never rust, never wear out and write a page with one dip of ink. **They sell easily everywhere.** M. E. Bush, Rose Island, Ont., says: "The Pens sell like hot cakes. Everyone is pleased with them." A 50c. Certificate free with each Pen. Write us a **Post Card** to-day and we will mail the Pens postpaid. Don't delay. Wm. Frankoski, Shoal Lake, Man., says: "I received the Watch and am more than delighted with it. It is a splendid timekeeper and also a handsome watch." Address **THE ENPEM CO., DEPT. 464, TORONTO.**

FREE VIOLIN

Powerful, Sweet-toned Violin, full size, Stradivarius model, made of selected wood, with highly polished top, inlaid edges and ebony finished trimmings, given for selling at **15c.** each only **10 Diamond Collar Buttons** with richly engraved gold finished tops set with large sparkling Electric Diamonds. A 50c. certificate free with each Button. Gordon C. Houn, Chantlers Ont., says: "I had no trouble selling the Collar Buttons. Everyone thinks they are cheap and pretty." Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send the Buttons postpaid. N. McKenzie, Whitewood, B.C., says: "I am well pleased with my Violin. Everyone that sees it says it is worth $5.00." Write at once. **Gem Novelty Co., Dept. 423 Toronto.**

GIRLS! EVERYTHING YOU SEE IN THIS PICTURE . . FREE

I. A Lovely Big Doll, as pretty as a picture, stylishly dressed from top to toe in the richest material, with hat to match underclothing, shoes, stockings, etc., that you can take off and put on as often as you like. II. A complete set of Doll's Furniture, bureau, washstand, bed, lounge, table, chairs and stove. III. Laundry Outfit—tub, washboard, iron and stand. IV. Table Service—cup and saucer, knife, fork and spoon, lemonade jug, glass and tray. V. A Baby Doll in a cradle; also a frying pan. Enough furniture and things to start Dolly up in housekeeping. Girls, we give everything shown in this picture absolutely free. A big dressed Doll, 8 pieces of furniture, and 15 other articles, all for selling only 1½ doz. large packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** at **10c.** each. Each package is beautifully decorated in **12** colors and contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. **They are wonderful sellers.** Everybody buys. Maggie Sinclair, Shelburne, Ont., said: "I sold all the seeds in a few minutes. It is a pleasure to sell them." This is the grandest dressed Doll and the most complete outfit ever offered. Girls! you must not miss this chance. Write us a **Post Card** to-day and we will send the Seeds postpaid. A 50c. certificate free with each package. **The Prize Seed Co., Dept. 402 Toronto.**

WALKING DOLL FREE

Girls, would you like to get this big handsome Walking Doll for a few minutes' work after school? If so, write us a **Post Card** at once and we will mail you 15 large beautifully colored packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** to sell at **10c.** each. Nothing sells like them. **Everybody Buys.** Mabel McKinnon, Oberon, Man., said: "I sold all the seeds in a few minutes." A 50c. Certificate free with each package. When sold send us $1.50, and we will forward to your address, carefully packed, this lovely **Walking** Doll. Dolly is a perfect beauty, beautifully dressed in satin, trimmed with elegant lace. She delights and pleases every little girl. Girls, order the seeds at once, sell them to your friends, and receive this big **Walking** Doll for your trouble. Pearl Milliken, Reston, Man., said: "I got my lovely Doll all right. She is a real beauty, just exactly as you described her." **Prize Seed Co. Dept. 430 Toronto.**

$3.00 LOCOMOTIVE FREE.

Real Steam Locomotives, regular flyers, with polished brass boilers, iron steam chests, and steel pistons attaching to both driving wheels, alcohol reservoirs with double burners and shrill whistles. Each Locomotive comes complete with measuring tin, alcohol burner, funnel, etc., and complete directions, and is given for selling only **one dozen large beautifully colored packages of Sweet Pea Seeds at 10c.** each. **Everybody buys them.** Roy Butler, Wilsonville, Ont., said: "I sold the Seeds in a few minutes. People said they were fine." Write us a **Post Card** to-day and we will send you the Seeds postpaid. We have only a few samples of these Locomotives that were sent to us from the largest factories in Germany, but as they are too expensive for us to handle (some of them being worth $3.00 each) we wish to get rid of them as as soon possible. Of course, the best Locomotive will be given to the person ordering first, and soon until the samples are all used. Address **THE PRIZE SEED CO., DEPT. 430, TORONTO, ONT.**

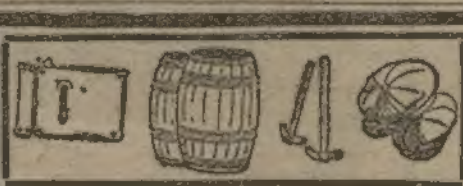
GIRLS THIS DOLL IS FOR YOU

Not a single cent to pay for her. As pretty as a picture. You will fall in love with her the minute you see her. Golden ringlets, laughing blue eyes, rosy cheeks, stylishly dressed in silk and satin, with velvet and lace trimmings. Lovely trimmed hat, dainty little slippers, real stockings, lace-trimmed underwear. She can be dressed and undressed like any live baby. Her head, arms and legs are movable. She can stand alone or sit in a chair or on the floor. When you get her you will say she is the prettiest doll you have ever seen. **We give her free,** for selling at **15c.** each only **8 Canadian Home Cook Books.** These books are nicely printed, beautifully bound, and each contains **739** choice recipes. Write us a **Post Card** to-day and we will send you the Cook Books postpaid. You can easily sell them in a few minutes. **Every housekeeper buys one.** 30,000 sold already. With every Cook Book we give a 50c. Certificate Free. JESSIE BAXTER, SHERBROOKE, QUE., says: "I never saw anything sell so quickly as your Cook Books." **Don't miss this grand chance** but write at once. LIZZIE SPROUTE, NEWDALE, MAN., says: "I received the Doll and think it is a fine Premium. It is the loveliest Doll I have ever had." Address **THE HOME SPECIALTY CO., Dept. 449, Toronto.**

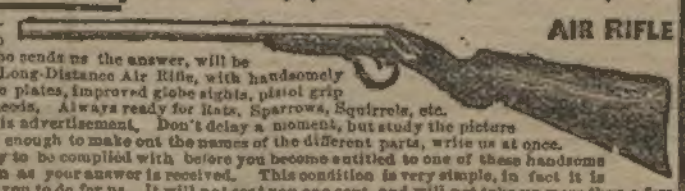
CHOICE CHINA AND CUT GLASS FREE

BOOKS ON CREDIT. WE TRUST YOU.

We have just published a splendid collection of 739 recipes which we are anxious to get introduced into all parts of this country. To make it possible for everyone to own a copy we have put the price down to 15c. a copy, though our Canadian Home Cook Book is in many respects superior to books sold at from 50c. to $1.00. To secure an enormous sale for our book we give 20 pieces of decorated English china, 6 pieces of imitation cut glass and an English jet ware teapot to every lady who will sell only 20 Cook Books for us at 15c. each. Write us a **post card** and we will send the books postpaid. Sell them, return the $3.00, and we will send you carefully packed all of the following: 6 cups, 6 saucers, 6 tea plates, English china, fancy edge and beautiful colored decorations; 2 English china cake plates, gold lined with fancy edge and raised ornamentations; 1 cream jug, 1 spoon holder, 1 butter dish, with lid, 1 sugar bowl, with lid, in handsome imitation cut glass, and one beautifully designed English jet ware teapot and lid, with pretty pink and gold decorations. All these 28 pieces are full size and are given for selling only 20 of our Cook Books at 15c. each. We trust you with the Cook Books. Mrs. Canning, Montague, N.S., said: "I had great success selling your Cook Books. Everyone was delighted with them." Though our Cook Book is out only 2 months, we have already sold over 40,000 copies, and the demand is becoming greater every day. We expect to sell 500,000 copies. Nothing sets off a table like brilliant glassware and handsome china and you can get every piece shown in this picture absolutely free. Write to-day. Home Specialty Co., Dept. 433, Toronto.



BOYS, ATTENTION!



The above picture illustrates four well-known parts of a gun. To every boy who is able to name the different parts, and who sends us the answer, will be given, absolutely Free, a fine All-Steel Long-Distance Air Rifle, with handsomely nickel-plated barrel, trigger-guard and side plates, improved globe sights, pistol grip and walnut stock. Just what every boy needs. Always ready for Rats, Sparrows, Squirrels, etc. It does not cost you one cent to answer this advertisement. Don't delay a moment, but study the picture carefully, and if you are clever and smart enough to make out the names of the different parts, write us at once. There is only one other condition necessary to be complied with before you become entitled to one of these handsome Rifles, of which we shall write you as soon as your answer is received. This condition is very simple, in fact it is merely a slight favor which we would like you to do for us. It will not cost you one cent, and will not take up more than a few minutes of your spare time. Write at once. **THE ENTERPRISE CO., Rifle Dept. 499, Toronto.**

FUR SCARF FREE

Soft, warm, glossy black, 2 ft. 6 inches long, 5 inches wide, made of selected full furred skins with 6 fine full tails. A handsome, stylish fur, given free for selling at **10c.** each only 15 packages of Lemon, Vanilla and Almond Flavoring Powders. One package equals 20c. worth of Liquid Flavoring and is far better. **Every housekeeper buys them.** A 50c. certificate free with each package. Mrs. J. Eastcott, Shoal Lake, Man., says: "I sold my Flavoring Extracts in a few minutes. I can sell it just as fast as you can handle it." Write us a **post card** today and we will mail the Flavoring Powders postpaid. Don't delay. Mary Murphy, McPhail, Ont., says: "I am delighted with my fur. Everyone thinks it is beautiful." **Standard Flavoring Co.,** Dept. 447 Toronto.

SEEDS ON CREDIT.

We trust you with 6 large beautifully colored packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** to sell for us at **10c.** each. When sold, return 60c., and we will send you this handsome **Opal Ring** made of Solid Gold Alloy, set with three large beautiful opals that show all the colors of the rainbow. This is an exceedingly handsome ring and cannot be told from a real opal even by an expert. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send you the Seeds postpaid. Gracie Brown, Cheverie, N.S., said: "I sold all the seeds in a few minutes." A 50c. certificate free with each package. **THE DOMINION SEED CO., DEPT. 466 TORONTO.**

14k GOLD WATCH Free

For selling at **10c.** each only **2** doz. large packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds.** Each package is beautifully decorated in **12** colors and contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. They are wonderful sellers. **Everybody buys.** P. J. O. Lowes, Moose Jaw, Assa., said: "I sold all the Seeds in 10 minutes on my way home from the Post Office." This beautiful Watch is heavily plated with 14k Gold, elaborately engraved and handsomely ornamented. It has open face, dust proof case, is stem wind and set and has genuine American made works, carefully timed and adjusted before leaving the factory and positively guaranteed by the maker. If you could afford to pay $20.00 for a Watch you could not get one that would look better or keep better time than the one we here offer you absolutely free. T. F. Dunbar, Renfrew, Ont., said: "I sold the Watch for $6.00 as soon as I got it." Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send you the Seeds postpaid. A 50c. certificate free with each package. The Dominion Seed Co., Dept. 436 Toronto.

FREE

Beautiful Gold Finished **Opal Ring** and **Gold** or **Silver** composition full size Curb Chain **Bracelet given free** for selling at **15c.** each only **7 Canadian Home Cook Books.** These Books are nicely printed, beautifully bound, and each contains **739** Choice Recipes. **Every housekeeper buys one.** A 50c. Certificate free with each Book. Send us a **Post Card** to-day and we will mail the Cook Books postpaid. Sell them, return $1.05, and we will forward **both** the **Opal Ring and Bracelet.** Don't miss this chance but write at once. **THE HOME SPECIALTY CO., Dept. 451, Toronto, Ont.**

Boys, don't miss this Chance.

FREE ENAMELLED WATCH for men or boys. Handsome Silver Nickel case on which a Deer is elegantly enamelled, the rich brown fur and delicate coloring making the whole design absolutely true to life. A very beautiful and a thoroughly reliable watch that answers every purpose of the most expensive timepiece, given for selling only 1¼ doz. large packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** at **10c.** each. The packages are beautifully decorated in 12 colors and each one contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. Harry Smith, Sydney, C.B., said: "I sold all the Seeds in five minutes. They went like wildfire." A 50c. Certificate free with each package. Write us a **Post Card** to-day and we will mail the Packages postpaid. Don't delay. Wm. Frankoski, Shoal Lake, Man., says: "I received the Watch and am more than delighted with it. It is a splendid timekeeper and also a handsome watch." Address: **The Dominion Seed Co., Dept 464 Toronto.**

FREE VIOLIN

Powerful, Sweet-toned Violin, full size, Stradivarius model, made of selected wood, with highly polished top, inlaid edges and ebony finished trimmings, given for selling at **10c.** each only **15** large packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds.** Each package is beautifully decorated in **12** colors and contains 42 of the rarest prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. **They are hot sellers.** Everybody buys. Harry Smith, Sydney, C.B., said: "I sold all the Seeds in 5 minutes. They went like wildfire." A 50c. certificate free with each package. Write us a **Post Card** to-day and we will send the Seeds postpaid. N. McKenzie, Whitewood, B.C., says: "I am well pleased with my Violin. Everyone that sees it says it is worth $5.00." **Dominion Seed Co.,** Dept 423.

FREE

LOOK! A $40.00 High Grade Brand New Bicycle, 1903 Model. Lady's or Gent's, free to you for a little of your time. We trust you. Don't send us any money. Simply write us a **Post Card** on which your name and address is plainly written and we will forward you, postpaid, **9 doz.** packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** to sell at **10c.** a package. When sold return $10.80 and we will immediately forward this **Brand New Bicycle.** It has every up-to-date feature—best seamless steel tubing, finely enamelled frame, good pneumatic tires, rock elm rims, bar steel hubs, improved saddle, etc., etc. **You could not buy this Bicycle from any dealer for less than $25.00 or $30.00 spot cash.** K. Sharpe, Victoria Mines, Ont., says: "I received my Bicycle in good order and must say it is far better than I expected. The Wheel is a dandy and suits me fine." Our Seeds are easy to sell. Everybody buys them. The packages are large, beautifully decorated in **12** colors, and each one contains **42** of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. A 50c. certificate free with each package. John E. Taylor, Rockwood, Ont., said: "I sold all the Seeds in a few hours in our village. They went like hot cakes." Write to-day. **Prize Seed Co.,** Dept 427, Toronto.

FREED

I WILL MAKE A CAT LAUGH

Genuine Columbia Phonograph

Given for selling only **3 doz.** large packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** at **10c.** each. The packages are beautifully decorated in **12** colors and each one contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. **Everybody buys.** Wm. McKell, Pugwash, N.S., said: "I sold all the seeds in 15 minutes." A 50c. certificate free with each package. This wonderful instrument is made by the famous Columbia Phonograph Co., of New York and Paris. With it we send five selections as follows: Speech; "Song of Sixpence;" "The Mocking Bird;" Imitations of Robins, Tree Toads, Turkeys, Chickens, Ostriches, etc., and Cornet Solo, "Dixie Land." Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send the Seeds postpaid. M. Payne, Brimston's Corners, Ont., says: "I think my Graphophone is a splendid premium for so little work." **The Dominion Seed Co., Dept. 415 Toronto, Ont.**

FREE

A real Steamboat handsomely painted and gilded with metal hull, polished brass boiler and steam chest, balance wheel, propeller, rudder, etc., **given** for selling at **10c.** each only **1 doz.** large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds. Each package is beautifully decorated in **12** colors and contains **42** of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. **They are wonderful sellers. Everybody buys.** P. J. Lowes, Moose Jaw, Assa., said: "I sold all the seeds in 10 minutes on my way home from the Post Office." A 50. certificate free with each package. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send you the seeds postpaid. T. Hickey, St. Johns, Nfld, said: "I received the steamboat and think it is a beauty. My friends all think it is grand, too." **THE DOMINION SEED CO., DEPT. 429. TORONTO**

DRESSED DOLL FREE!

GIRLS, would you like to have this beautiful dressed doll? If so, send us your name and address on a **post card** and we will send you **one doz.** large, beautifully colored packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** postpaid. Sell them at **10c.** each, return us $1.20 and we will immediately send you **the most beautiful Doll you have ever seen.** Dolly is fully and fashionably dressed, including a stylish hat, underwear trimmed with lace, stockings and cute little slippers ornamented with silver buckles. She has lovely golden curly hair, pearly teeth, beautiful eyes and jointed body.

Eva Gilley, New Westminster, B.C., said: "I received your pretty Doll and am very much pleased with it. It is a perfect beauty and far exceeded my expectations."

Lizzie Sproute, Newdale, Man., said: "I received the Doll and think it is a fine Premium. It is the loveliest Doll I have ever had."

Gertie McDonald, Bonavista Bay, Newfoundland, said: "Thanks very much for my beautiful Doll. I am more than pleased with it."

GIRLS, just stop and think what a truly wonderful bargain we are offering you. **You can get this lovely big Doll completely dressed for selling only ONE DOZEN packages of Sweet Pea Seeds.** Each package is beautifully decorated in 12 colors and contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. **They are wonderful sellers. Everybody buys.**

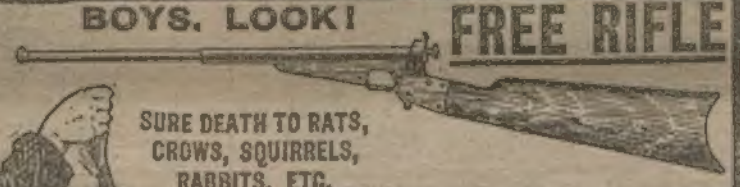
Maggie Sinclair, Shelburne, Ont., said: "I sold all the seeds in a few minutes. It is a pleasure to sell them."

Mary Speeles, Mono Mills, Ont., said: "I no sooner opened my parcel than I had all the seed sold. They went like wildfire."

A 50c. certificate **free** with each package. Girls, write us at once and **this beautiful Dolly will be your very own in a short time.**

Prize Seed Co., Dept. 470, Toronto

BOYS, LOOK! **FREE RIFLE**



SURE DEATH TO RATS, CROWS, SQUIRRELS, RABBITS, ETC.

Boys! How would you like to have an **All-Steel Long-Distance Air Rifle** of the best make and latest model, that shoots B. B. Shot, Slugs and Darts with terrific force and perfect accuracy? We are giving away **Absolutely Free** these splendid Rifles to anyone who will sell only **1½ doz.** large packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds** at **10c.** each. The packages are beautifully decorated in 12 colors, and each one contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. **Everybody buys.** M. Speeles, Mono Mills, Ont., said: "I no sooner opened my parcel than I had all the Seeds sold. They went like wildfire." A 50c. certificate free with each package. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send the Seeds postpaid. Boys, this is the best Air Gun made. It has all steel barrel and fittings, improved globe sights, pistol grip and walnut stock. Is always ready for Squirrels, Rats, Sparrows, etc. Geo. Allen, Brandon, Man., says: "I received my Rifle yesterday and think it is a beauty. I have shot 5 birds already." **Dominion Seed Co.,** Dept. **414,** Toronto.

FREE EBONY PICCOLO A regular Professional Instrument, full size, suitable for solo or orchestra work, beautifully polished and correctly tuned. Given for selling at **10c.** each only **6 Glass Pens.** These Pens are made entirely of Glass. They never rust, never wear out, and write a page with one dip of ink. **They sell easily everywhere.** B. Criger, Welland, Ont., says: "I sold the Pens in a few minutes. They went like hot cakes." A 50c. Certificate free with each Pen. Write us a **Post Card** to-day, and we will send you the Pens postpaid. M. McCurdy, Otterville, Ont., says: "I am more than pleased and delighted with my handsome Premium." A complete Self-Instructor and a large assortment of popular selections sent with each instrument. **THE PEN CO., DEPT. 465 TORONTO.**

FREE! ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL made of specially prepared Oak Tanned Leather, hand sewn, and furnished with best quality red rubber bladder, given for selling at **10c.** each only 15 large packages of Sweet Pea Seeds. Each package is beautifully decorated in 12 colors and contains 42 of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable color. **They are wonderful sellers.** A. E. Logan, St. John, N.B., said: "The Seeds went like hot cakes." A 50c. certificate free with each package. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will send the Seeds postpaid. Jas. Kavanagh, St. John's, Nfld., says: I am highly delighted with my football. I could not buy it in this city for less than $3.50. Men of experience say it is the best ball they ever played with." Address, **THE DOMINION SEED CO., DEPT. 434 TORONTO.**

ENAMELLED LADY'S WATCH FREE

for selling at **10c.** each only **2 doz.** Lemon, Vanilla and Almond **Non-alcoholic Flavoring Powders.** One package equals 20c. worth of Liquid Flavoring and is far better. Used by the leading caterers, hotels and restaurants. **Every housekeeper buys them.** A 50c. certificate free with each package. Miss E. Eastcott, Shoal Lake, Man., said: "I sold all the Flavoring Powders in half an hour. It is just play to sell it." You can easily earn this beautiful little watch in a few minutes. It is open face, with fancy decorated dial, gold hands and stem wind and set, reliable imported works. The case is solid silver nickel, beautifully finished with a large rose with buds and leaves elegantly enamelled in seven colors, a perfect copy of Nature's art. Nothing half so beautiful has ever been offered for so little work. Edna Robinson, Powassan, Ont., said: "I received my watch in good order and think it is a perfect beauty." Send us a **post card** to-day and we will mail you the Flavoring Powders postpaid. Standard Flavoring Co. Dept. 46 Toronto

FUR SCARF FREE

Soft, warm, glossy black, 3 ft. 6 inches long, 5 inches wide, made of selected full furred skins with 6 fine full tails. A handsome, stylish fur, given free for selling at **10c.** each only **15** large packages of **Sweet Pea Seeds.** Each package is beautifully decorated in 12 colors and contains **42** of the rarest, prettiest and most fragrant varieties in every imaginable colour. **Everybody buys them.** Mary Speeles, Mono Mills, Ont., said: "I no sooner opened my parcel than I had all the Seeds sold." A 50c. certificate free with each package. Write us a **post card** to-day and we will mail the Seeds postpaid. Don't delay. Mary Murphy, McPhail, Ont., says: "I am delighted with my fur. Everyone thinks it is beautiful." **Prize Seed Co.,** Dept. 426, Toronto.

THE 'NORTHERN MESSENGER' is printed and published every week at the 'Witness' Building, at the corner of Craig and St. Peter streets, in the city of Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall and Frederick Eugene Dougall, both of Montreal.

All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son,' and all letters to the editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'